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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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FRONTISPIECE FOR "THE GOBBLER OF GOD"
By Percy MacKaye, drawn by Arvia MacKaye.
See page 546

Still Robert Frost

WEST-RUNNING BROOK. By ROBERT FROST. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

NO contemporary poet has been more praised than Robert Frost, and no poet has ever been more praised for the wrong things. The early reviews of "West-Running Brook" have renewed the false emphasis. Most of the critics are surprised that the writer identified with the long monologues in "North of Boston" should turn to lyrics, forgetting that Frost's first volume (written in the 1890's and published twenty years later) was wholly and insistently lyrical. One reviewer, echoing the false platitude concerning New England bleakness, applauds Frost's almost colorless reticence, his "preference for black and white." Another makes the discovery that "where he was formerly content to limn a landscape . . . here the emphasis is primarily on the poet's emotion."

A more careful rereading of Frost's other works should instruct the critics. Were they less anxious to affix labels and establish categories, there would be less confusion—a confusion that leads one otherwise intelligent reviewer to declare that "the poet nearest akin to him (Frost) is A. E. Housman," although, continues the bewildered reviewer, "Housman will admit color at times." . . . Forget for the moment Frost's most famous "North of Boston" and its successor "Mountain Interval"; examine his earliest volume "A Boy's Will," published in 1913, and "New Hampshire," published in 1923. What disappears first is the complaint (if we have heard it made) of colorlessness. Never were volumes less black and white; never were shades of expression more delicate and at the same time more distinct. Equally obvious is the absence of inhibitions. Poems like "Two Look at Two," "To Earthward," "Fire and Ice," "Moving," "The Tuft of Flowers" are anything but reticent; they are profound, ever personal, revelations. Frost has never been "content to limn a landscape." He cannot suggest a character or a countryside without informing the subject with his own philosophy, a philosophy whose bantering

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A Sermon on Style*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE English Bible is dying. I do not mean its theology, nor its historical or spiritual content. I do not refer to the controversies between Fundamentalists and Rationalists, nor to the interpretation as poetry and legend of what once was regarded as literal fact. Where the Bible is historical at all there is probably more evidence as to its historicity available than ever before. I do not assert that its moral values have declined, although they have certainly been transvalued, nor that as great literature it is one whit less than our ancestors (when they dared to think of it as literature at all) believed it.

But all qualifications aside, the English Bible, and specifically the King James version, is losing, or has already lost, a power over the imagination almost unexampled in history. It was couched in a prose so rich with the genius of a great language, and so invariably read with reverence, love, or fear, that there is perhaps no equivalent instance of the style as well as the substance of a single book influencing and sometimes dominating the mould of thought and form of expression of a whole people.

The Bible, for English speakers from the seventeenth century on, was the Word. When they read "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," they thought, or should have thought, of Christ as the Divine Intelligence and Mediator between God and man. But it was the English phrase, not the Greek meaning, which prevailed. The Logos, for English readers, was neither reason, nor the Divine expression as such, but the Word of a sacred Book, authoritative, irrefutable, magic. And it was a great Word. The most sophisticated megalopolitan cannot read Isaiah to-day, or Paul, without yielding to the spell. There has been equal eloquence in other tongues, but no such prevailing eloquence. Not all the obscurities, the contradictions, and the absurdities in the Bible can detract from its great power in this respect. Enter to scoff and you remain to be stirred and exalted.

* * *

My argument is simple, and must be simply stated. Whatever the spiritual and theological strength of the English Bible, its influence was due in no slight measure to the power of English eloquence, to style in the truest sense of the word. Whatever else it may have been, it was a great Book, a strong Word, an inescapable pressure of great statement, vital, simple, beautiful, upon ordinary man. If he did not read Homer, Vergil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Wordsworth, Keats, Emerson, Whitman, he had this. And if the subject matter of the Bible had been the Hindu Gospel or Greek mythology or Buddhism or the philosophy of Confucius, and if the English style had possessed like qualities of excellence, the influence for which I am arguing would still have been immense.

There is an interesting parallel in Fitzgerald's Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám, a poem more Fitzgerald's than Omar's, yet expressing a philosophy sharply different from the ordinary currents of English thinking, and nevertheless couched in such vital English as to become the most widely quoted poetry of the latter nineteenth century.

It is as the Word, in the sense which English readers understood, that the English Bible is dying. It is through this Word, whether spoken or written, that we got our strongest moral and spiritual stimulus. The power of a phrase may, and often does, exceed the power of an idea, because the phrase may carry with it a train of emotional suggestion and a stir to reminiscence that moves the whole being.

. . I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it.

And in the Biblical tradition

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee, and doth promise than when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their request; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desire and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.

From the Word in this sense our religious life has been quickened and the mind exalted. Not the literal meaning, but the rich suggestiveness of the phrase has been a saving help in time of trouble or the cause of new realization or resolve. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life, can be very fairly paraphrased into a literary statement of the power of the Word.

* * *

At the moment when words have been given wings to speak round the world, when the radio has increased the stature (but unfortunately not the mind) of the orator by a cubit, so that where he spoke to a thousand, now a million hear him; when the press and its reduplications pour words in a torrent over every mind, the Word, as our ancestors knew it, has lost its power, speaks no more with final authority even to the most devout, and as a factor

* This essay will be reprinted in a book by various authors, entitled "If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach," to be published by Harper & Bros.

This Week

"Charles James Fox."
Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN.

"Napoleon the Man."
Reviewed by LEO GERSHOY.

"The Great Enlightenment."
Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS.

"The Discoverer."
Reviewed by CARL CHRISTIAN PETERSON.

"Hedylus."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.

"The Mad Professor."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

Thumbsplint Anthology.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

The Arts Under a Dictatorship.
By H. M. KALLEN.

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in spiritual and esthetic education has become quaint and reminiscent rather than vital and awesome. Whatever statistics may show as to the sales and distribution of the English Bible, it is not read as it once was. Our daily conversation, our writing, and our speaking prove this too readily. Ye shall know them by their fruits, applies to books as well as to men. Even Fundamentalists are modern (shall we say, most modern) in their colloquial spoken style, and if the Bible is read weekly in churches, it is clear that neither preacher nor congregation listen as they once listened to the Word.

I belong myself to that Quakerish school that never made a fetish of the Bible, and should be particularly disinclined to argue for a return to the general, indiscriminate, daily reading of the Bible which once was common. Not even the seventeenth century could turn all the Bible into impressive prose. Revelations is tedious and hysterical when it is not magnificent. Old Testament ethics are frequently shocking, and the English of certain speeches of Jehovah and Jeremiah is much more admirable than their content or the character of the speakers.

* * *

Nor do I hold with the worthy teachers who would have us adopt the English Bible as a model for current English. That is, to speak brusquely, nonsense. The Biblical style is eloquent and almost unequalled in emotional expressiveness. But it is entirely inadequate for exact statement or lucid analysis, as indeed was all English prose before the eighteenth century. The revision of revised versions has made its obscurer passages clearer only by a descent into flat modernism which sacrifices rhythm and emotion to the meaning of the original. This great style rises to its height, as all agree, in the Old Testament, where it is precisely least adapted to the needs of a scientific age, to any age indeed, not content to express itself by poetical indirection.

The rules of logical English Composition are nearly all broken in the Bible. Unity is by no means constant, coherence is casual, only emphasis is invariably maintained. To urge a youth entering any department of modern life to form his style upon the Bible is as foolish as to advise tilting, camel riding, and the study of medicinal herbs as a preparation for engineering or the law. The English style of the Bible is more remote from the practical necessities of modern prose than Pindar from the exposition of Aristotle. It is a magnificent prose, but absolutely inadapted to the expression of nine-tenths of what we as journalists, scientists, novelists, legalists, scholars, and even ministers, must necessarily express.

It is as a stimulant, a corrective, and a source, that the Biblical style has been so valuable. Lincoln did not learn to write from the Bible. He learned to write from Blackstone and the historians and the essayists. His Gettysburg speech is not Biblical in its style, but eighteenth century at the earliest. It was from the Bible that he learned pitch, and exaltation, and the power of the Word. It was his reading and hearing of the Bible that gave him simplicity and force in his diction. Order, clarity, logic, accuracy—these indispensables of style in a modern civilization—he got elsewhere.

* * *

Thus it is not to be deplored that editorial writers in the London or the New York *Times* do not use the style of Jeremiah. If they did, we would not read them; indeed we know too well, from a familiar kind of sermon, the unfortunate results of talking seventeenth century when you have a twentieth (or late nineteenth!) century brain. Yet it is to be regretted that we do not have what Lincoln had, nor are ever likely to possess it in the same measure from the same source. For the attitude of awed reverence for the Bible is gone, and what is more important, the wide and continual and often exclusive reading of the Bible is gone. The Word will always have power, but the power of a Classic not a Scripture. It will never again lift with little effort the style of plain men like John Bunyan or George Fox, because it is no longer in the active consciousness of plain men that read and listen. Norman French, with a great literature behind it, died out in England because the speakers could not count on an understanding. The parallel is inexact, because there are elements of permanence in the English Bible and factors of resemblance in modern English not present in the analogue, but the comparison points my meaning. The Bible and Biblical English will stay, will enrich our style, will stir our emotions (is it conceivable that the story of Absalom will ever lose its poignancy?), but the Word as an influence of privileged might and universal acceptance is dying. It may put on the immortality of literature, but its moral dominance is gone.

I come—to quote from that other great reservoir of English style—to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. My preaching is concerned not so much with holding fast to our inheritance in the English Bible, as with inevitable losses that already may be estimated and are likely to increase. For with the decline of the majestic influence of Jacobean prose a whole department of style seems to be lost to us, and to regard the loss as merely literary is to take a most superficial view.

* * *

It may be said that the current age is scientific, utilitarian, practical, and therefore needs only the plain and flexible, simple and accurate prose which it is getting in characteristic specimens from our best writers. But this generalization is not true, and if it were, no one could rest content with what it implies.

We are scientific, utilitarian, practical, and we do need and have got in our modern English an instrument almost as accurate and flexible as French prose, and probably more expressive. To write now like Ruskin or Carlyle or Dr. Johnson or Robert Burton or the makers of the English Bible is a sign of weakness, not strength, and (whatever teachers of English and Tory critics may say) that kind of writing for us is nothing, gets nowhere, and indicates more surely than anything else a spiritual and esthetic plagiarism. It is well known among teachers of English that one of the surest symptoms of the intellectual parasitism of a second-rate mind is an essay written in the style of Charles Lamb.

But not all of us, and no one of us, is all scientific, utilitarian, practical. These are merely the contours which are turned for touch and shaping to this age in which we live. The waters still run deep even though the angel of the Old Testament seldom troubles them. A craving for beauty, a sense of awe, a moral urge, the love of an ideal, the need of worship, the belief in spiritual values, are of course as existent in a machine age as in any other. They have not pressed for expression because other needs in this economic century have been more urgent, and still more perhaps because the expressiveness of our fathers has until recently been sufficient for traits temporarily recessive. But they must find expression somehow, and may need a new expressiveness at any moment more urgently than do the measurements of science. Science, indeed, having come close to metaphysics, needs a new diction now. The physicist falls from very helplessness into the language of the Bible in the attempt to intimate (for he cannot express) his new sense of the non-existence of mere things.

It seems that we need a new Bible—new Jobs, new Pauls, new Isaiahs, but not in their similitudes nor with their voices. I do not refer to a new theology, although that is inevitable, nor to new spiritual and ethical conceptions, although they too are inevitable in so far as anything spiritual and ethical can be new. I mean a new responsibility for the Word as eloquence—as the "speaking out" of the depths of man. This means in plain English a new expressiveness for what is not practical, utilitarian, scientific, and sophisticated.

* * *

The King James version was a new medium for expression. I am naturally aware that it was a translation, and also of its partial dependence on earlier versions as far back as Wycliffe. Nevertheless it stands of itself; it dates as of seventeenth century protestant England where the leadership of the new world was being forged. The interpenetration of its language through all serious English literature of the next centuries is proof of what was accomplished. A new eloquence for spiritual and ethical concepts was given to the race. The subject matter was not English, although it deeply concerned the England of the day, but the style was native.

It may be done again, though not in the same way. It may be done, not for an ancient Scripture, but for some new subject of quest and craving. It must be done. We must translate deep spiritual emotion and strong ethical desires into our vernacular, but first from the vernacular we must make or remake a style.

The psychological effect of reading, as reading goes to-day, is difficult to estimate, but must be extraordinary. The book, as Spengler says with his customary dogmatism, but at least an aspect of truth, is disappearing. For the masses, who no longer are illiterate, this is the age of reading—of newspaper and magazine reading, and of hearing the same kind of journalism over the radio. Millions of words, flat and soggy most of them, fall like an endless snow upon civilized man. He is drifted in with them, buried; wherever he goes he wades through printed or spoken words. His business is by words said or words read, and in his leisure he opens his mind to them. At the least estimate a city dweller reads or hears fifty thousand words a day.

This circumstance is so new that we can only guess at an outcome. That our thoughts are increasingly formulated in words—words drifted into the mind—is probable. That we use words more and get less from them, seems certain. The commonplaceness of everyday living in modern comfort is in part a mental reaction to the flatness of the words in which we have our being. Tabloid readers will eventually talk and think in tabloid—a soggy sensationalism. The mind overfed on the style so bleached of color and strained of disturbing complexities which is the ideal of good journalism and reaches its perfection of nullity in the English of radio broadcasting, will have no other medium in which to express itself. And the modern prose of literary masters which I, for one, admire, a prose that is adroit, accurate, subtle, scientific in the best sense, is still inadequate for purposes that must even in a prosaic age be importunate. It would be impossible to translate into its skilful commonsense the religious emotions of Job—

> Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who hath laid the cornerstone thereof; when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it broke forth as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling-band for it, and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed? . . . Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? . . . Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominions thereof in the earth? . . . Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

And who dares to say that our inability to find equivalent organ tones of English is because we have no religious emotion, no spiritual insight, no quests and no cravings as urgent, if less naive, than Job's to express!

* * *

Modern English is lacking in eloquence, in its root sense of speaking out, and its acquired meaning of speaking out from the heart. We need a new "grand style," and it is not a sufficient answer to say that first we must acquire grandeur. For grandeur is a constant, relative only in its degree and its manifestations, and in literature truly limited by the ability of an age to express its inner self. In this country we were well on the way to attain a prose style with scope and lift, in the creative period of American imagination which ended with the Civil War. Emerson and Thoreau were both eloquent, and Thoreau, at least, wrote with a mind as modern as our own. There has been little real eloquence in American prose since because there has been little felt need. And should a prophet arrive, or, if that is too archaic a term, a great teacher, philosopher, preacher, or writer of Pascal's calibre or Milton's, where is his medium? Can he forge it over night? It was a group of quite undistinguished men, as literature goes, which made the English Bible. But they had a great prose ready at hand.

It is hard to write of a Great Need without falling into the bombast or abstraction of those who speak of Long Felt Wants and Next Steps and Urgent Duties. This sermon on style raises, of course, more questions than it answers, and indeed that is my purpose. It implies, for example, that literature with a purpose deserves a great style, and this is an idea very distasteful to modern critics who like to see the cool detachment of science extended to art. Description, measurement, analysis, have been at the heart of twentieth century literature. Writers who attempted other modes have been called propagandists, sentimentalists, or accused (often rightly) of stale romantic symbolism.

And yet, though ethics has been run out of poetry and fiction clipped of its morals, the didactic has merely changed its costume for a business suit and

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sneaked back by the stage door in Shaw's plays or entered as a hard-boiled journalist in H. G. Wells's novels.

The difference between H. G. Wells and the Bible can be measured in style. Both preach morality, and while I am not comparing subject matters, I am willing to grant to Wells a rather exalted morality. But Wells has no eloquence and needs none for his appeals to commonsense.

There is, indeed, always a moral, and a religious literature too, being written, even in the most immoral societies. But if we insist upon it being unliterary, not eloquent, deny it beauty and the attributes of art, turn it over to the journalists and the satirists and the professional propagandists, we get the kind of style and the kind of literature for which we ask. Even then, a Hardy will take a scientific age on its own terms and make great poetry of its doubts.

But it is not enough to say that we get the style we deserve. I readily grant that a commonplace people, let us say the Dutch of the eighteenth century, are not going to produce masterpieces of literary art. But where are the critics wise enough to estimate the essential greatness or littleness of their own times! It is argued that this is the great and virile age of America. It is argued that we are in the very decadence of true Americanism. Let them argue. All that can safely be said until time has finished with us, is that our literature is more or less expressive of what we are. The Elizabethan literature, it is now clear, was immensely expressive; the writing of the mauve decade of the recent 'nineties, when the astonishing twentieth century was in full preparation, was certainly not very expressive, or fully expressive only of imperialism, a fine-drawn febrile esthetics, and a vague romantic sentimentalism destined to blow away like mist banks within a decade.

Our styles—the adroit sophisticated style of the subtler British novelists and poets, the plain man-to-man style of Wells and Sinclair Lewis, the colorless, but readable and fluent style of American journalism, smart, humorous, and often wise in the columnists, informative, unemotional, but pointed and close to human needs in *The Saturday Evening Post* or *The New York Times*, the familiar, colloquial style of realistic poetry and modern biographical writing—these styles are all expressive and some of them excellent instruments. No one wants sex novels written in the prose of the Song of Solomon or articles on the plan of 2d Corinthians. Journalists and novelists alike have done well by the English language. They can say what they want and say it as well as it has ever been said. But who shall assert that there are no profounder emotions, neither descriptive nor analytic, demanding a different and nobler style in prose and poetry than any of these? And if they exist, by what tongue shall they speak?

My somewhat ideal thesis therefore, is, that we must recapture the Word, with all the content I have tried to give to that term. We are in real danger of losing, in an age of flat prose, an essential and invaluable capacity of the language, fully realized once in the English Bible, but realizable again—the capacity to express by tone and overtone, by rhythm, and by beauty and force of vocabulary, the religious, the spiritual, the ethical cravings of man who would still be obsessed by them if he were proved—as now seems most unlikely—to be only a biological machine.

And the Word, while secondary if you will, and an instrument only, is indispensable for turning ideas and emotions into communicable force. If, as the eighteenth century naively believed, we could find all that we need to say in the classics, if we could rest finally content with the eloquence of Job! But their words are already dim for a generation that does not feel their authority or receive their connotations; and such styles cannot voice the strange vicissitudes of an age that knows the mysteries of the prophets are the commonplaces of science, and yet must face new mysteries more perplexing and less absolute.

Who will give us a new Bible in English? For to one sensitive to the power of language, and aware of the difference between words and the Word, the priests of the twentieth century babble in a jargon that has lost its vitality, and the prophets are tongue-tied with a language that can say everything but what they most deeply feel and mean. They have the tongues of men, but not angels; not even sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, but only a language of the machine that can go swiftly to the right and to the left, but never up.

A Man Made To Be Loved

CHARLES JAMES FOX. By JOHN DRINKWATER. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN
Dictionary of National Biography

SOME months ago in addressing the English-speaking Union in London Mr. Drinkwater discussed the factors which determine his treatment of historical figures. Those figures about whom the popular traditions are true call for dramatic treatment and Mr. Drinkwater has given us plays of Lincoln, Cromwell, and Lee. But historical characters about whom the popular traditions are wrong demand "a closely-documented and argued biographical study." He has already published studies of Byron and of Charles II and now gives us a lengthy volume on Charles James Fox, "the least known of great statesmen though one of the greatest of Englishmen." Mr. Drinkwater has succumbed not only to the legend of his own building, but to an even greater degree has been captivated by the remarkable personal charm of the man whom he leads through these four hundred pages. Of the lovability of Fox's personality—of the warmth of his heart, the sweetness and buoyancy of his temperament, his candid and benevolent disposition, there can be no doubt. "He is a man made to be loved," said Burke and he has enchanted his biographers as he did his contemporaries.

JOHN BULL'S ADVOCATE (FOX) NONSUITED
Drawing by Dighton, January 1789, reproduced in "Charles James Fox," by John Drinkwater.

In his admiration of Fox Mr. Drinkwater believes he could have done no wrong nor had any weakness. Fox's resignation from the government in 1772 is treated as an instance of profound political conversion, though it was probably based on grounds of private dissatisfaction and on a desire to oppose the royal marriage bill in which the interests of his own family were involved. Of his hero's reactionary zeal in 1774 which inspired the attacks on Woodfall, a poor printer, and on the liberty of the press, Mr. Drinkwater says they were a "rather odd method" of breaking his relations with Lord North. We may overlook these early acts of Fox's career, but how shall we explain his coalition with North in 1783? Fox himself had said that "from the moment when I shall make any terms with one of them (North and his ministers), from that moment I will rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind. I could not for an instant think of coalition with men who . . . have shown themselves void of every principle of honor and honesty." Mr. Drinkwater's apology for Fox's joining the disastrous coalition which Richmond and Pitt had wisely declined is hardly more satisfactory than the explanation of Fox himself. The explanation of his conduct is to be found in his lack of political judgment and in his weakness of character. The author considers Fox one of the greatest of statesmen. That he was an effective orator and a very great debater is true, but he was notably deficient in those qualities which make a party leader or a great statesman. As a politician he possessed liberal sentiments and he had a profound hatred of intolerance and oppression, but he lacked political sagacity and in the course of a long public career never succeeded in gaining the confidence of the English people. He loved their rights and ideals, but it may be doubted if he understood the character and the temperament of the English nation. Aside from the libel bill of 1792 for which he was partly responsible he left very little of permanent value behind him and contributed but little to the history of national progress.

Considerable industry has gone into the making of this volume and Mr. Drinkwater has published some new letters from the Hichingbrooke papers and some passages from the diary of Mrs. Fox; the rest of his material has long been known to historians. A great wealth of detail and many bulky quotations embarrass the flow of the narrative. Of errors of fact we shall speak but briefly. To speak of the Five Nations in the time of George III is an anachronism, since by the admission of the Tuscacoras in 1715 they had become the Six Nations. We can hardly acquiesce in the account of the settling of the Carolinas nor do we believe that the Carolinas "distinguished themselves forever in American history by the institution of Negro slavery." Mr. Drinkwater evidently still believes in the tradition of Patrick Henry, and his comments on parliamentary reform argue that he is unfamiliar with the history of that movement in England. Though we may forgive some of Mr. Drinkwater's puns (i. e., "prophets at ten percent") how can we forgive him the complete lack of any index—so essential in a work claiming to be serious history?

According to Merezhkovsky

NAPOLEON THE MAN. By DMITRI MEREZHKOVSKY. Translated by CATHERINE ZVEGINTZOV. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by LEO GERSHOY

HERE we have no steel-nerved surgeon wielding the scalpel. The author's name alone is sufficient guarantee against yet another of those century-old attempts to pin Napoleon down to the dissecting table. As well try to envisage the flight of an eagle by gazing at a stuffed specimen in a glass cage as to fathom the riddle of the restless Corsican by examining him microscopically. "The Napoleonic legend," says Merezhkovsky, "is still almost a Christian legend in the soul of the people, and there is no other way to the hero's soul than through the soul of the nation." Away, then, with the tempered judgments of sober historians, away with soul-beclouding facts and the jarring details of his work, away with the development of character and the evolution of Napoleon's thought. For Napoleon was "the last incarnation of Apollo, the Sun God," "a piece of rock launched into space," "the fateful executor of a command unknown"; not one to be measured by the wooden yard of moral values, "but by the 'golden rod' with which the Angel measures the wall of the City of God." And as it happens, the gospel according to Merezhkovsky recaptures more fully the apocalyptic mood of Napoleon's career than any other interpretation that this reader has ever seen.

The Russian mystic is at his best in this character study, for the simple reason that in Napoleon he has a subject qualified as no other ever was to sustain his own literary genius. Where else in the whole range of human destiny could he have found a figure who is so human and yet so much more than a man, who "waking is blind and sleeping has visions," who conquers reason with intuition and yet keeps a perfect balance of mind and character, who is a Dionysos, "a teacher of ecstasy" aiming at peace through the necessity of war, who to deceive all around him had but to remain perfectly true to himself—"Napoleon acting the part of Napoleon"—"whose whole soul is condensed in one great love of the Earth" and "whose God would be the Sun, the eternal life-giver," who would establish and consecrate the Empire of Reason and finds it necessary to use mystery and the supernatural to win men to his support!

"Napoleon the Man" is a book to cause historians to despair, so utterly unsound it is in its method and so amazingly just in many of its conclusions. It will goad the good rationalist to scribble savagely "glandular disturbance" every time that the author sees the face of the Sphinx staring at Napoleon. And it furnishes the reader a volume rich in fantasy and penetrating in subtlety, a magnificently imaginative portrayal of a complex being whose mystery is made all the more profound by this brilliant resolution of its elements.

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Still Robert Frost

(*Continued from page 533*)

accents cannot hide a depth of emotion. Beyond the fact ("the dearest dream that labor knows"), beyond the tone of voice, which is, at least technically, the poet's first concern, there is that intense and unifying radiance which is not only Frost's peculiar quality but his essential spirit.

SAND DUNES

Sea waves are green and wet,
But up from where they die,
Rise others vaster yet,
And those are brown and dry.

They are the sea made land
To come at the fisher town,
And bury in solid sand
The men she could not drown.

She may know cove and cape,
But she does not know mankind
If by any change of shape,
She hopes to cut off mind.

Men left her a ship to sink:
They can leave her a hut as well;
And be but more free to think
For the one more cast off shell.

Here, in his latest work, is a reflection and a restatement of his earliest. This is philosophy in terms of the lyric. But the first as well as the final appeal is neither to the brain nor to the ear; beneath the graceful image there speaks a greatness of soul.

It is this spiritual sustenance which has always strengthened Frost's passionate puritanism. And since, in this so-called mechanistic age, spiritual values are not gauged by popular appraisers, the estimators have dwelt on the tone, the technique, the subject matter, in short on everything but the source of his poetry. This is the more astonishing since Frost, legend to the contrary, reveals himself, actually gives himself away with every raillery, every wisp of metaphor, every conversational aside. Avoiding the analytical, this poetry is a constant search; a search for absolutes. Better still, it is a search for the Absolute—in man, in poetry, in God.

BEREFT

Where had I heard this wind before
Change like this to a deeper roar?
What would it take my standing there for,
Holding open a restive door,
Looking down hill to a frothy shore?
Summer was past and day was past.
Sombre clouds in the West were massed.
Out in the porch's sagging floor,
Leaves got up in a coil and hissed,
Blindly struck at my knee and missed.
Something sinister in the tone
Told me my secret must be known:
Word I was in the house alone
Somehow must have gotten abroad,
Word I was in my life alone,
Word I had no one left but God.

This may be considered a key-note poem. It is, in a sense, a sequel to the extremely early "Trial by Existence"; here, at the end of independence, is only the last courage, the loneliness, the nothingness—"and where there is nothing, there is God." But "West-Running Brook" is not so much a sequel as it is a composite of the early and later Frost. What seems a mellowing and maturing turns out to be the fruit of intuition rather than experience. Thus a student will learn that the recognizably "late" poem entitled "On Going Unnoticed" was written as early as 1901; the poem "Bereft" (already quoted) was composed in about 1893. As for "Once by the Pacific"—let it appear in full.

The shattered water made a misty din.
Great waves looked over others coming in,
And thought of doing something to the shore
That water never did to land before.
The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,
The cliff in being backed by continent;
It looked as if a night of dark intent
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.
Someone had better be prepared for rage.
There would be more than ocean-water broken
Before God's last *Put out the Light* was spoken.

This memory of Frost's childhood on the beach at San Francisco is given in the table of contents "as of about 1880." Here, again, is the same combination of understatement and simplicity, of the trivial and the tremendous, of economic line and prodigal implication. Frost's power of lifting the colloquial to the pitch of poetry has always been apparent (it raises even so broad a bucolic as "Something inspires the only cow of late"); in the new volume he maintains his rôle of half-earnest synecdochist. Here, again, offering the part for the whole, he reëstablishes the force of suggestion and reaffirms his conviction: "All that an artist needs is samples." Parsimony is achieved in almost every one of the new poems. It sharpens the fancy of "Fireflies in the Garden"; quickens the meditative accents of "A Passing Glimpse"; points the epigrammatic, "The Peaceful Shepherd"; intensifies the sombre color of "Acquainted with the Night"; repeats, with a wry twist, the poet's protest in "A Minor Bird":

I have wished a bird would fly away,
And not sing by my house all day,

Have clapped my hands at him from the door
When it seemed as if I could bear no more.

The fault must partly have been in me.
The bird was not to blame for his key.

And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to silence any song.

A certain technical shift may be noticed here and there, a somewhat more rhythmic ease apparent in the slightest of his quatrains. The verse itself has more of the "sound' that Frost cherishes, a talk-flavored tone that has the common vitality of prose without ever ceasing to be poetry. Especially pungent in their concision are the introductory "Spring Pools," the firm epigram, "Hannibal," the exquisite "Tree at My Window," the equally delightful "The Birthplace," and "Riders" with its typical Frostian last line:

We have ideas yet that we haven't tried.

Here, in short, is the metaphysical lyric as no one but Robert Frost could write it. And so it is throughout "West-Running Brook." The ripe repose, the banked emotion, the nicely blended tenderness and humor are everywhere. Growth? Change? A new note? The answers may be found in two lines of one of Frost's first poems, a premonitory couplet written before 1900:

They would not find me changed from him they knew,
Only more sure of all I thought was true.

No reviewer has written, no critic will write, a better summary.

The Embattled Muse

THE GREAT ENLIGHTENMENT: A Satire in Verse with Other Selected Verses. By LEE WILSON DODD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS

IN Mr. Dodd's mental estate the plot that least attracts me is the flower garden. His serious emotional verse may be illustrated by three lines:

Or when I passed a tree I heard
Some timorous Dryad's secret word
Of shy indwelling ecstasy.

That is his key; that is his normal level. His satirical force may be gauged by two quotations: "Imagine taking a certain amount of the wag of a dog's tail to build a house with" (the topic is electricity displacing matter), and "Where none is ever silent, no one's heard" (on publicity). Clearly, this second level, both in its kind and absolutely, is much above the first. Here is a man whose mental quickness is far ahead of his poetic gift. The difference is almost great enough to form a problem, the problem we should have had if Byron as complement to the trenchancies of "Don Juan" and the "Vision of Judgment" had offered as specimens of beauty only the "Hours of Idleness." In Byron "Childe Harold" bridges and justifies the interval; in Mr. Dodd the gap is uncemented. His lyric verse, on its own plane, is singularly flawless,—a point of steadily increasing value in an age in which the inoffensive, in poetry as in woman, is coming to have almost the prerogatives of charm. Mr. Dodd's art, again, is far stronger in his lyric than in his satire. His mildness has a soldierly erectness; his vigor loafs and sprawls. When his lyrics admit a point, that is, draw checks on his intelligence, they improve as writing, if not as poetry (see "True Woman," "Waste," "Tragi-Comic," and the dignified and elevated "Tempest.")

* * *

Mr. Dodd writes successful comedies; one of these, the "Changelings," is, as I think, in motive (not in execution) almost the first work of its class in our time and country. He has a wit, a combative wit, and this added to zeal in a just cause, becomes in the "Great Enlightenment" so timely that, if it gains listeners it might obtain importance. The Muse is now less the patroness of Mr. Dodd than his client; he defends the spirit of which she forms a part against all its diverse enemies,—electrons, Watsonism (he is especially truculent toward Watson), fundamentalism, clerical dissimulation, and publicity. The time is ripe for such a protest. Science, the least human, the least organic, of man's activities is the most dictatorial, and, if the man crouches, the organism will not. The organism will not long permit the intellect to deprive any instinct, even the instinct of worship, of its proper nutriment. Mr. Dodd very shrewdly asks why the motion which our physicists (in contempt of matter) are letting in should not turn out to be that very mind which our behaviorists at the same instant are letting out. On Watson himself Mr. Dodd is trenchant and diverting. The Rotarian confounds himself in three lively pages of self-raking monologue. I am sorry that Mr. Dodd refuses to be helped by Santayana; a man fallen among modernistic thieves should welcome the touch of the "chaste palms moist and cold" of that clear-eyed and passionless Samaritan. But perhaps Mr. Dodd's sufferings have reached that not unusual stage where the rejection of consolations is the sole remaining comfort, the "I will drown and nobody shall help me" state of the Frenchman perishing in gulfs of solecism.

* * *

Mr. Dodd has two hindrances in his good work. The first is inherent in his side or party, the want of that assured and robust tranquillity which satire had in Horace, in Boileau, in Dryden, and in Mr. Dodd's own favorite and exemplar, Pope. The advantage of science is that it has no nerves; in its company poetry and religion seem to be all nerves. Mr. Dodd's perturbation is ill-concealed. One type of Christian never ceases to think of the devil; Mr. Dodd is not that kind of Christian, but he is that kind of man in relation to his own devil, the unspirituality of modern thought and practice. The second hindrance—not, it may be, everywhere a hindrance—is that the author sometimes adopts the manners of his adversaries. He has sprightlinesses that leave me anything but cheerful and loosenings of tension that fail to put me at my ease. For instance, he calls his preface "Preliminary Blurb," and adds "not much" in the slang sense to a fine phrase about "God's diffident Reality." One thinks of "*Mon Curé chez les Riches*"—the Gospel in billingsgate. Mr. Dodd is a very clever person, and could out-cynicize the cynics if he chose. Perhaps he is not sorry to let both the cynics and the worshipers perceive this.

* * *

But we will not press our quarrels with a man who has brought so much ardor and efficiency to so good a cause. It is pleasanter to quote a few winning lines in which he counsels slumber to Pope and Pope's friends in the shelter of Elysium.

No, no, my Alexander, do not wake!
Drowse on untroubled for Elysium's sake!
'Twould mar your rest, and others' rest, to gain
A bird's-eye prospect of our world's sick brain.
Nay, do not cloud one dream of Lamb's, nor fret Montaigne!
Let not our aberrations jog Voltaire,
Or rouse deep Rabelais from his easy chair;
Shock from long slumber Lucian, or perchance
Spoil the first naps of Butler or of France. . . .

All very merciful and sweet, but I would not trust Mr. Dodd among those sleepers with a bugle in his hand.

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A New Life of Columbus

THE DISCOVERER. By ANDRÉ DE HEVESY. A New Narrative of the Life and Hazardous Adventures of the Genoese, Christopher Columbus. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by CARL CHRISTIAN PETERSON

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush and scratched them in again.
MOTHER GOOSE.

MR. ANDRÉ DE HEVESY, or, as the name would be better recognized in Budapest, Havasy Andor, is a young Hungarian nobleman of fashion, since the war living in un-Hungarian magnificence in Paris. He is not, however, of the Hungarian *ancienne noblesse*. His father, a Hungarian commoner, was ennobled by his Most Catholic Majesty, Emperor Franz Josef I; his mother, of Jewish birth, was converted to the Roman Catholic faith. Young Andor was trained for the diplomatic service, and in that calling, with varying fortune, he has served the Hungarian state, apparently without any startling distinction to date. He is best known as an amateur musician and bibliophile of the French capital, whose writings on such subjects have begun to attract attention. He has the reputation of being a talented linguist and art connoisseur. Such is the racial, cultural, educational background of the author. Until the spring of 1927, scholars would have been surprised to learn that he was also an authority on history. Any deficiencies in that regard might perhaps have been supplied, to the satisfaction of an uncritical public, by his possession of a facile pen, a liberal-seeming and persuasive style, a not over-Puritanical taste or aversion from the salacious, and last but not least, the friendly, potent aid of learned Jesuitical Fathers. So much for the author. Now what of his book? What is its purpose? Why was it written and published at this precise time, and by M. André de Hevesy?

Before answering these questions, let us recall that on March 7th, 1927, Librairie Plon, Paris, had published the remarkable and epoch-making "La Véridique Aventure de Christophe Colomb," by Marius André, a Provençal man of letters residing in Paris. He is a ripe scholar, an archivist of note, an authority on Spanish and Hispano-American history, a poet of merit, and an intimate friend of the famous Mistral. His nationality, training, mental equipment, and demonstrated achievements, all combine to qualify him as perhaps no other living writer, to deal adequately and authoritatively with the vexed question of Christopher Columbus, and reduce its contradictions to intelligible terms. The outcome was his lucid and unassailable work, mentioned above, which has now appeared in German as "Das Wahre Abenteuer des Christoph Columbus," also in English as "Columbus." In reviewing the book last April, this reviewer predicted that it would provoke much discussion. That prediction is giving promise of ample fulfilment, of which the title now under review is one among numerous other examples that might be cited. And this brings us directly to the consideration of Mr. de Hevesy's book.

Let is be noted, first of all, that it does not purport to be an answer to Marius André, whose name is not mentioned or even alluded to; if Mr. de Hevesy had André in mind, this can only be inferred from the internal evidence of the book, and from the less guarded statements of the publishers. Indeed, so little time elapsed after André's book first appeared in Paris till this answering work of Mr. de Hevesy followed from the presses of the Brothers Emil-Paul that, if the purpose had been to present in book form a scholarly refutation of André's book, it must have been compiled in hot haste by a regiment of writers, collaborating from half a score of the world's capitals, by cable and telegraph, each treating a special topic and their product marshaled possibly by Mr. de Hevesy, sitting as editor in Paris. Even so, it would have been a hurried job; and, singularly, entirely apart from any such hypothesis, the impression one gains from a study of Mr. de Hevesy's book is that it was compiled by many writeers and thrown together in a hurry without a careful scrutiny or verification of the materials. André's book was out March 7th, 1927, and on June 10th the *Corriere della Sera* was comparing it with the Hevesy's "Christoph Colomb ou l'Heureux Genois" (the French title of this book), very much to the disadvantage of André—an interval of only three months for gathering and compiling materials, editing, proof-reading, printing, and turning out a finished book, which these friendly critics would persuade us is not only a complete refutation of André, but the last word of scholarly research to be said on the subject of Columbus. And speaking of that, Mr. de Hevesy does assure us that there have been *recent researches* resulting in an entirely new conception of Columbus's personality. In passing, that is entirely true of André's work; but that was not the idea Mr. de Hevesy intended to convey. His thought seems to be to claim the credit of these researches for himself, if we may accept what he writes in the "Foreword" of his book, which may be loosely translated as follows:

> The footsteps of men, even of such as Fortune overwhelms with her favors, are but tracks in the sand. Shadows accumulate around the lives of the most famous. Nothing remains for posterity but a brief and banal epitaph. Out of their succinct notions and official documents, the makers of biographies too often fashion plaster heroes, rigid and solemn, or else theatrical effigies like the porcelains of the Second Empire. These fantasms do not accord with the taste of our times, which the note of sincerity and humanity alone can touch. *We've set ourselves the task to resurrect the man who enlarged the borders of the world, and make him live again. . . Recent researches enable us to restore for these latter days his personality and his environment.*

* * *

Now, we may ask, why is it necessary to "resurrect" Columbus, and make him "live again?" Who has slain him? Who could have killed the "immortal Christopher?" Also, after careful reading of de Hevesy's book, one is compelled to ask, where is the evidence of those "recent researches" of which the author speaks? It is nowhere disclosed in the book itself, by citation of chapter and page or production of original documents. Yet, by a curious strain of innuendo and apology, running throughout its length, the reader is made aware of the new evidence. Something has happened to Columbus; something which, if not fatal, is at any rate unpleasantly disturbing. That such is the fact, the author mildly deprecates, but does not deny; he insinuates that it is ancient calumny. Yet he confesses: "Yes, Columbus lied . . . but others lied too, and he was compelled to lie in order to compete. If he had not lied he could not have succeeded." Again: "Yes, Columbus cheated . . . but think of the hard luck he had!" Further: "Yes, Columbus started the slave trade in the Antilles . . . but, man alive, what else was there for him to trade in? Besides, it was perfectly legitimate business in those days. True, Queen Isabella forbade it; but business is business, and Columbus was a practical man, and the Queen was only a woman." Also this, by way of exhibiting the refined chivalry of Columbus's character: "Yes, Columbus coolly married Felipa Moniz de Perestrello for her dowry and social position, afterward seducing and casting off Beatriz Enriquez de Arana, the mother of his favorite son Fernando . . . but, bless you, did not his "grace" Archbishop Pedro de Norohna live in frank and open concubinage with the two sisters of Columbus's father-in-law Bartolomeo Perestrello, not to mention the licentiousness of King John II and certain eminent Cardinals?" Finally: "Yes, of course, the ancients knew the earth is a globe; also Leif Ericsson had discovered and colonized the New World in the year 1000, and all the maritime nations of Europe knew it . . . but he called it *Vinland*, and there is some *confusion* about that." To sum up, therefore, clearly Columbus must be regarded as the discoverer of America.

* * *

Is not this what the author meant by promising to supply "the note of sincerity and humanity" which our times clamor for? Throughout the book he has labored, not to clear the name of Columbus from the "calumnies" of which he is the supposed victim—the author nonchalantly admits the truth of the calumnies, then laboriously exposes the wickedness of other men. Their blackness, offsetting that of Columbus, is the only substitute offered for the whitewash he so badly needs. Presumably this showing is the result of those "recent researches" mentioned by the author in the "Foreword" of the original French edition. We search in vain for anything else that is new; it is not to be found in the book. The translator, Mr. Robert M. Coates, with excellent discretion has omitted the "Foreword" from the English version. He has also extended his discretion, with large freedom, to other portions of the book; but it is safe to say that nothing short of total suppression of the record can ever serve to improve the reputation of Columbus.

What then is the exigency which led to the publication of this book? The name of Columbus is a Roman Catholic symbol. An answer to André, an immediate answer must be found; and fortuitously, as it might seem, the answer appeared from the pen of the amateur musician and book collector of Paris and Budapest, M. André de Hevesy. . . . It appeared within three months.

After all, however, was it fortuitous—are there any strictly fortuitous events? Not in this instance, if we may judge by the enthusiastic, the exultant support given Mr. de Hevesy by the *ultra montagne* press, both in Europe and America. He has become their prophet overnight; something that cannot be considered fortuitous, but inspired. How else could it fall to the lot of the relatively unknown Mr. de Hevesy to become—let us not say defender—apologist of Columbus? Would not the redoubtable Hilaire Belloc or the weighty G. K. Chesterton have been a happier choice as a champion? Or perhaps some pundit from the learned faculties of Louvain? Be that as it may, the gage has fallen to de Hevesy, and it now remains for us only to consider how he and his coadjutors have acquitted themselves. Have they succeeded in rehabilitating Columbus, and to what extent?

* * *

It is well to understand that, aside from his status as discoverer of America, Columbus counts for nothing. The thesis is, therefore, to save that status, and let the rest of him go hang. De Hevesy has hewed to that line. With him the question is not, was Columbus a man of truth and honor, but did he find America, or can it be made so to appear? Let him be a liar, cheat, blackguard, scoundrel; if he only remains "the discoverer," de Hevesy is content, and happy if it be possible to soften the indictment a little, to show that fifteenth century standards of conduct differ from ours, that by comparison with his fellows Columbus was not so bad. That, and beclouding the sources of André together with the Norse discovery, constitutes the text. It is an old trick to abuse the opposition counsel when you have no case. That also enters the argument, and it may be doubted whether anyone could have done better on the whole than Mr. de Hevesy, with so hopeless a case.

Considered as biography, the value of the book is nil. As fiction it has some literary merit, but it adds nothing to our information about Columbus. The author is at great pains to combat the hypothesis that Columbus was by race a Jew of Spanish birth. He devotes several chapters to a wholly imaginary narrative of Columbus's birth, infancy, and youth, up to the age of twenty-two, when he is said to have left his native Genoa. This narrative is undocumented, or supported only by controverted evidence. The author fails to explain how it is that Columbus never writes in the Ligurian dialect, which it is alleged he learned at his mother's knee, and was educated in up to the age of twenty-two—an utterly untenable hypothesis in view of the established fact that Columbus spoke Italian imperfectly and wrote it not at all. De Hevesy fixes the year of Columbus's birth as 1452, but fails to cite any proof of this or any other dates connecting either Columbus or his brothers with Genoa. So far as the text of Mr. de Hevesy goes, there is not one authentic fact cited that would be inconsistent with the theory that Columbus's parents were in fact *marranos*, or that Columbus and his brothers were in fact born and brought up in Pontevedra, just off the northern frontier of Portugal. The author has not deemed it worth while to notice the curious circumstance that in his letters and other writings that have been preserved, Columbus handles the Castilian dialect fluently and idiomatically, and the still more curious circumstance that all the names Columbus gave to his "discoveries," beginning with San Salvador, can be traced to the Pontevedra district, and none of them to Genoa. The author does not attempt to explain, does not even deign to notice, that Columbus nowhere uses the name Colombo, the surname of his alleged Genoese father, but always records himself as Colón, a name that is common in Spain and Portugal, but unknown in the Ligurian Republic; and the striking fact that in his will Columbus fails to mention his supposed father, Domenico Colombo,

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although still living in Genoa, and makes provision that, in the event his own line failed, search should be made abroad for heirs of the name of Colón to succeed to his estate and titles. The narrative of de Hevesy meticulously follows the now discredited and rejected Columbian legend. It is interesting to note there are many points connected with that legend, which Mr. de Hevesy brings out in this biography of Columbus. Mr. de Hevesy struggles hard to revive the story of the anonymous "one-eyed" sailor, in place of the authentic Alonso Sanchez, the real discoverer of Antillia. Quoting from pages 64-65 of "The Discoverer":

* * *

Some time before, a Portuguese vessel sailed with a cargo of merchandise for Flanders. Some days out contrary winds arose. The ship was driven from its course; the gale became a tempest; they could do nothing but run for it. So, for days on end, they scudded westward and still westward, into unknown waters, and finally to the shore of an unknown island. The return was more terrible . . more than half died . . others dropped anchor at last, to die in Madeira. Columbus offered to take the only survivor into his home at Porto Santo. *The man was a pilot, a one-eyed Galician.* It has been said that he was an old friend of Columbus, though it is perhaps more likely that Christopher's hospitality grew out of his interest in the man's adventures. In any case, his charity was well repaid; for before his death, the old sailor had given him a full account of the voyage, as well as an exact description of *the island* they had discovered.

Sixteenth century authors make much of this dying revelation, and though—since men hear best what they want to hear, and the speaker is apt to pander to this desire—it is possible that the fever-haunted old sea-dog may have found much inspiration in the eager questioning of his host. It is certain that Columbus himself found all his theories confirmed, and his hopes magnified by the deathbed confession.

That is a significant admission. But why does Mr. de Hevesy hesitate to take the reader into his full confidence, and disclose just who the sixteenth century authors are, and how they made much of this deathbed revelation? Above all why not reveal the name of the "one-eyed" sailor? It can hardly be a secret to the author that the name of this sailor was Alonso Sanchez, and that he was well and favorably known to the pious monks of La Rabida monastery; further, that Sanchez charged Columbus with a dying message to these same monks, in delivering which Columbus gained the entré to the court of Queen Isabella, and ultimately the command of the celebrated squadron of the three caravels. But especially, why not mention the fact that Sanchez told Columbus the name of the island he had discovered, and its distance due west from the Canaries, and that he had long cherished the plan to seek this very island of Antillia, which had been charted by the monks of La Rabida, and was known since the year 1412, when a Spanish mariner had found it and made it known? All this was duly disclosed by the sixteenth century authors, who are none other than the learned monkish cartographers of La Rabida. But to bring out these facts, as Marius André does, might lessen the claim of Columbus to be known as the discoverer of America; and that is hardly to be expected of the author of "The Discoverer."

Once more let us quote "The Discoverer," pages 162-163; the Barcelona triumph of Columbus:

At every chapel, Christopher enters, to make his devotions before the altar. At every wayside cross, prayers are said, and the seven Indians brought back with him cross themselves . . And everywhere, all along the way there is rejoicing and wonderment, the whole populace gathering to celebrate the passing of these voyagers, returning from their magical voyage.

So through the rocky wastes of Castille, and the flowered fields of Aragon, and on to Barcelona. The welcome of the Sovereigns was as whole-hearted as that of their subjects, though more formal. He kissed their hands, in token of loyalty, then the seat of honor next the throne was given him. Through all the solemnities of the interview, great deference was paid him. At the end, the whole assemblage knelt, singing the *Te Deum.*

The foregoing is a very mild description of an event that has gone ringing down the corridors of time as the most stirring national jubilation in history, according to the legend. On what is it based? An account written by Columbus's son Fernando, amplified from time to time by more imaginative writers, who have combined to create the Columbian legend. True, Columbus did have a vision of such a welcome, and put it into a letter to the powerful *marrano* Gabriel Sanchez; but the Barcelona triumph never happened. Says André:

There exists a register of the time, of the municipality of Barcelona, where, day by day, the events that took place were recorded. It contains many of small importance and even bits of ephemeral daily news. But this document contains no mention whatever of either the arrival of Columbus or his reception by the King and Queen. Gabriel Sanchez, however was well aware of the effect of the letter written to him by Columbus during the voyage might have. He had it printed and widely circulated; copies were even sent to Italy, France and Germany . . the success of the tale was much greater abroad than in Spain.

Pondering such passages, we find ourselves in a greater maze of wonderment, however, than that of the Spanish populace depicted by Mr. de Hevesy, because, after confessing the lying of both Columbus and his bastard son Fernando, yet the author expects us to believe them both. When he asks us to accept Columbus as the discoverer of the New World, despite the acknowledgment that Leif Ericsson had discovered America in the year 1000 and established an Icelandic colony there, we are dumbfounded. His thesis is to demonstrate that Columbus is *the* discoverer of America. The evidence is overwhelming. Let us recapitulate. In the year 1000, Leif Ericsson, an Icelander, discovers America and calls it Vinland. In the year 1412 a Spanish sailor finds Santo Domingo, then called Antillia; it is charted by the cosmographers of La Rabida, and about seventy years later is rediscovered by Alonso Sanchez, who, dying, tells Columbus about it. In 1476 the King of Denmark sends a fleet under command of Johan Skolp, a Norwegian, who rediscovers Labrador ("The Discoverer" page 63). In 1488 Captain Cousin, a Frenchman of Dieppe, discovers South America ("The Discoverer" page 62). *Ergo, Columbus discovered America in* 1492. How is that? Certainly; Columbus investigated and verified them all, as we have reason to believe, and hence he alone can be accepted as the *final* discoverer of America. This is the staggering logic that Mr. de Hevesy has now discovered. If such a thing is at all conceivable, he is himself a more surprising discoverer than Columbus!

The Hellas of Dreams

HEDYLUS. By H. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $4.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IF one gives oneself up wholly to the spirit of this book, accepts it as imagist prose or a prose poem or some less classified form of literature, reads it slowly and lingeringly until its phrases take on hue and substance, one may be transported, not, to be sure, to the Greece of the third century epigrammatists, not indeed to any Greece of any time, but rather to some Hellas of one's dreams, curtained from reality by the incense of age-long worship. The outer world of the poet Hedylus and of his mother, the hetaira Hedyle, is a lovely fusion of sun and sea, metals and iridescent, shimmering stuffs, poppies, anemonies, and white marble. H. D. so intermingles colors and the sounds of color-words, so environs her visual images with music and her melodies with suggestive forms and tints, that senses susceptible to her art are captivated. Moreover, those who know the land, the legends, and the literature of Greece will hear delicate overtones at times and see the infra-reds and ultra-violets of a spectrum invisible to the uninitiate.

The scene is in Samos, the Samos of the tyrant Douris, where Hedyle, like Lais, has begun to fear her mirror, "since such as I am, I will not see myself and such as I was, I cannot." Her son, who, with his companions Posidippus and Sikeledes, writes to please Douris those bright falsities that form "the wild blossoms of the cornfield'" and "the blowing windflowers" of Meleager's "Garland," has lately begun to please himself by writing in another vein and by looking with a poet's intensity upon the young girl, Irene. ("The eyes of Hedyle were dew on a blue lotus. Ice over gentians expressed Irene.") In the past, the relationship between mother and son had been one of love and loyalty, chilled somewhat by reciprocal misunderstandings, by Hedylus's ignorance of the identity of his father and by Hedyle's determination that the boy should ever be the perfect, polished Athenian. At the moment, Hedyle's unconcealed desire that her son shall not leave her and her contemptuous condescension to Irene harshly test the youth's allegiance to his mother. It is the appearance of guests in Samos, of Demetrius—an unpleasant incident in Hedyle's past—and, above all, of Demion of Olympia—identified by both Hedylus and Hedyle with a god, and by the latter, *ex post facto,* with the father of her son—that at last frees Hedylus from his vicarious suffering for his mother and Hedyle from the stark responsibility of being forever the perfect Athenian.

The tale is slight, but the taut exchanges of thought between the persons in it often match in richness of tone and pigment the exquisite settings that encompass both thought and persons. Some incidents at least seem indubitably born of human suffering and intuition. Hedyle's equating of the man she loves with the god she would have had him be, with the father of her child, and with the beauty and integrity she found slipping from her grasp, is authentic. So, too, is her refusal to go to India with her lover. Her wry strictures upon her fading charms and upon the dignity she has so tenaciously clung to (dignity, she says, as ridiculous "as ugly virgins' never-tempted virtue") betray the wit for which, among other things, she was so prized.

But there are moments when the mental complexities of these Greeks seem only figments of patterned consciousness, too simple or too merely subtle for the vehicle that conveys them. At such times "Hedylus" resembles a flagon, shaped, chiselled, engraved, and embossed with the skill and conscience of an artist but filled with unripe, lightly bubbling wine instead of with the headier, more stimulating vintage that a vessel so delicately wrought should proffer. Occasionally, too, there are minor scars upon the surface of the book, unfortunate tricks of style that no sincere admirer of H. D. should condone: ugly parentheses, dull repetitions ("Papa was so fantastic"), meaningless omissions of articles and pronouns. And, whether they are to be attributed to author or printer, one cannot but resent those eye-pricking small capitals for proper names ("ASIATIC") that cling to every page like so many burrs.

Where, however, beauty and wisdom are twin attributes of the perfection intended and in such large measure achieved, small blemishes seem more considerable than they actually are. For those who can transmute the fragilities and subtleties of H. D.'s seeing and knowing into their own experience, the book will offer rarely suggestive reading.

A Voice of His Time

THE MAD PROFESSOR. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. 2 vols. $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE death of Hermann Sudermann, anticipating briefly the appearance in English translation of his penultimate novel, "Der Tolle Professor," emphasizes for us in what must be considered, if only because of its scope and intention, the most important work of his later years, the author's last summing up of his own period. Europe once agreed to regard Hermann Sudermann as the most characteristic and expressive voice of his time and country, as the most truthful historian and keenest critic of German manners in the time of the Imperial Hohenzollerns. And of that epoch, seen now in the light of its tragic catastrophe, Sudermann deliberately undertook in "The Mad Professor" to give his final estimate.

For scene, he chose again Königsberg, especially its university, and its East Prussian environments, the scene of his own youth; and for time, that, too, of his own youth, those pivotal years, 1878-1882, when Bismarck was stamping the will-to-blood-and-iron on the unfortunately oozy mass of German liberalism, hammering out the new all-powerful and all-directing German state, ruthless of the breaking National Liberal Party, and of whatever else had to be broken in the process. The effects of this process were to be, in part, the theme of the novel. But the hopeless flabbiness and old-fogeyism of the "forty-eighters," the certainty with which their narrowness and inertia ruined their own cause by estranging the best minds of the new generation, had ceased to be for Sudermann in 1926, as it was for the younger Sudermann, merely a matter for mordant satire. The helplessness of independent German thought and culture before the ideals of mass industrialism and the aims of centralized autocracy had come to seem to him, in that post-war pessimism of his countrymen of which Spengler is the acknowledged voice, a part of that inevitable tragedy of history in which civilization, through the new super-state, destroys culture and prepares its own destruction. In the fate of Professor Sieburth, critic of Hegel, and successful aspirant to the chair of Kant, whose career is broken in the national

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struggle, the novel was intended to symbolize also the intellectual catastrophe attendant on the historic process, the doom of modern philosophy, which must, by the full development of its own critical method, destroy idealism, and end in doubt and ethical despair. The impending double tragedy in Germany, social and cultural, was to be the novel's compelling motive.

* * *

But Sudermann, nearing seventy, was not the man—perhaps Sudermann never was the man—to energize so sweeping a conception. Sudermann's talents at their best approached those of Thackeray; under the mantle of Jeremiah he simply smothers. Of the deft *genre* portraits which are his specialty, the "Mad Professor" presents a satisfying variety: the mean spirited faculty and their intriguing wives; the aristocratic student duelling fraternities; some convincing sketches of low life; the stupid, upright, medieval Krautjunkers; the bureaucrats of the new order, cynical, Epicurean, Byzantine, as we know them now from a flood of memoirs; the whole of German life passing in review. Under thin disguises, several well-known teachers of the time take part in the pageant; of these the figure of Rosenkranz, briefly but touchingly portrayed as "the Great Hegelian," furnishes perhaps the finest pages in the book. But his chosen theme inhibits Sudermann's real power of dramatic construction and psychological analysis, and with this theme itself, as the second volume progresses, he fumbles with increasing ineptitude. The march of the symbolic tragedy flags, halts, and loses itself among the erotic misadventures of the hero. Perhaps at the very first Professor Sieburth's sad, thrilling glance should have warned us that what was intended, for the garland of Socrates upon his brow would turn out to be, after all, only the withered immortelles of Werther's tedious progeny. At the end, Sudermann surrendered, as abjectly as ever in his career, to the sentimental theatricalism which was always his worst danger; and among the tears and wreaths and general maudlin collapse at the Professor's funeral it is no longer possible to tell whether what is being celebrated is the self-destruction of German culture and modern philosophy, or merely the suicide, too long delayed, of a decadent, neurotic romanticism.

Sans Peur et Sans Reproche

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD. By SAMUEL SHELLABARGER. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $4.

MANY men have achieved a place in history by living before their time, but Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, has gained his fame by living after. It would be difficult to find a character in history whose tangible accomplishments bear so little relation to his celebrity. Born in 1474 in a valley in Dauphiné and isolated from the significant movements of his time he inherited the ideals and traditions of chivalry and of medievalism. It is as the last great champion of medieval chivalry that the renown of Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, has come down to posterity. We know of him not only because he was a noble anachronism, but because he unconsciously secured in the person of the Loyal Servant one of the most successful biographers of his age. Dr. Shellabarger gives an admirable analysis of the Life by the Loyal Servant, whom scholars now believe to have been Jacques de Mailles, long in the service of Bayard.

* * *

The best modern and scholarly account of Bayard was published in 1828 by Terrebasse, but since that time new manuscripts have been discovered and many monographs have been published. The book of Dr. Shellabarger is an excellent example of graceful and valuable scholarship. It is well-documented yet it possesses very considerable literary merit. In its pages we find a deep understanding and appreciation of the Middle Ages. The author presents a spirited and convincing defense of certain phases of medieval life. His book is not only a life of Bayard but a history of the momentous period in which Bayard lived and the author has caught its color, and spirit, and drama with much of the grace and gusto with which the Loyal Servant first wrote. This splendid book is the first complete life of Bayard in English and we believe is the definitive biography of Bayard in any language.

The Bowling Green

Thumbsplint Anthology

A FEUILLETON editor who happens to have his right thumb in a splint may be forgiven, I think, for compiling a collection of whatever happens to require the least manual labor. Obviously that means clippings that can be pasted on paper. From a large available assortment we cull the following as most interesting to this evening's mood.

* * *

Will you give me some information? I am writing a history of the Dime Novel, to be published by Little, Brown & Co.

Did you read Dime Novels, and did you have to do it on the sly? Did you actually know of any boy who was whipped for reading Dime Novels?

EDMUND PEARSON
44 West 10th St., N. Y. C

I'm a little ashamed to have to admit it, but I never was much allured by the Dime Novels: they bored me. Jules Verne and Mayne Reid were my meat. But perhaps this note may put Edmund Pearson, the Twinkling Sage as he was always known in this department, in touch with some genuine D. N. enthusiasts who suffered for their convictions.

* * *

RICHARDSON WRIGHT
ANNOUNCES
[THOUGH RELUCTANTLY]
the imminent demise of his two favorite hawgs
WEE-WEE and FANNIE
the progeny of John Held Jr.'s prodigious boar
FANNIE'S SENSATION
Those desiring succulent morsels of these gargantuan swine, should place their orders [and right soon] with S. E. Guthrie, Silver Mine Avenue, Silver Mine
PURE PORK - - FED ON FLOWERS

—An announcement sent out to gourmets by Richardson Wright, Esq.

* * *

No living designer of printed decorative work has exercised a greater influence upon the art of his contemporaries than T. M. Cleland. That the thirty years of his activity have witnessed the inauguration of innumerable art movements, and, for a time, the general abandonment of traditions and standards, makes it of particular note that so conservative an influence as Cleland's essentially is should not only have been felt, but should appear at last to have prevailed, as a factor in what may be called the "Restoration." That Cleland's work may seem on first impression to be primarily reconstructive of period design must not obscure the qualities which are its fibre. His designs are simultaneously exercises in scholarship and high achievements in craftsmanship and taste. It is in the development of these latter qualities that his purpose is displayed; and through the marked achievement of that purpose that he has won his distinguished place among contemporary artists, and in that succession of good craftsmen decorators that was established when men first learned to love the doing of their work.

Though this book is chiefly confined to work intended for printing of various kinds and processes and cannot pretend to adequate presentation of the volume of Cleland's work, in its hundred or more pages will be found representative examples of a variety almost incredible as the product of a single individual. There are shown arrangements of type pages, made when he was a printer, formal decorations in black and white line and in color, pictures painted in water color and tempera, and here and there a suggestion of the arts of the theatre in which he has been active and of mural decoration in which lies his future course.

This versatility in subject and medium and style is the direct result of the artist's intensity of interest—of a restless desire for more beautiful forms of expression and an insatiable curiosity about the means of attaining them. Unlike most successful artists, Cleland has never achieved a formula for his work: he has never done anything with which he was satisfied, and he regards all that he has done as no more than study and preparation for things he hopes yet to do.

—from an announcement by The Pynson Printers of *The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland.*

* * *

The author of "Leviathan" and "Murder for Profit"—"the Incomparable Bolitho," as critics in growing numbers have come to call him—presents an integrated and breath-taking chronicle of the world's great adventurers—a demoniacal dozen of trail-blazers, throat-slitters, home-wreckers, empire-builders, glamour-collectors, disturbers of the peace and wholesale circumstance-manufacturers-to-the-trade. Here he portrays and relates to their time and to one another the roster of "society's pests and benefactors" shown in the following chapter outlines:

Introduction: The Technique of Adventure.
1—Alexander The Great; The Adventure of Youth, and How Philosophy Tamed It.
2—Cataline: The Rich Young Racketeer of Rome.
3—Mahomet: The Bloody Hunt for Heaven.
4—Columbus: Who Proved That Everything Is True, If You Believe It.
5—Cagliostro (and Soraphina): The Search for Phantom.
6—Casanova: He Who Went Furthest Into the Forbidden Country of Women.
7—Charles XII of Sweden: And Danger As an Ideal.
8—Lola Montez: The Only Adventure Women of the Past Could Live.
9—Napoleon I: The Only Reason for Waterloo.
10—Napoleon III: The Living Serial: Consequences of the Situation.
11—Isadora Duncan:
12—Woodrow Wilson:

—from an intramural prospectus of Messrs. Simon & Schuster's spring list.

* * *

London was wrapt in fog. The great clouds of it swept down Piccadilly, hit the buildings at the further end, turned, and swept up again. Everything was indistinct. No one could recognize anyone else. It was impossible to tell the people from the horses in the street. In fact one poor old lady was harnessed to a tram and driven for blocks before she was recognized.

—from *A Bookseller's Christmas Carol*, by Clifford Orr of the Doubleday-Doran Bookshops.

* * *

An important letter containing the thought which led Shaw directly to the long series of plays and prefaces by which he achieved world fame. ". . . By the way, is there any public as yet which reads plays? . . . if I thought that people were picking up the French trick of reading dramatic works, I should be strongly tempted to publish my plays instead of bothering to get them performed."

Earlier in the letter he writes: ". . . It is very good of you to declare your readiness to become my publisher; but believe me, you deceive yourself. If I sent you anything, you would open it with joyful anticipation, finish reading it with dismay and utter disappointment, and only proceed with it to spare my feelings. I should be the meanest of mortals if, after nearly sixteen years' experience of the effect I produce on publishers (my first book was finished in 1879) I were to take advantage of your personal good nature to involve you in a very doubtful speculation."

—from a sale catalogue, Anderson Galleries.

* * *

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel: seven a.l.s., three to his mother, one of which has a small drawing of a teapot, three to Brown (probably Ford Madox Brown), and one of 9 pp. to Frederic Sandys, the book-illustrator, in which he gives his opinion of Swinburne: "Swinburne is just back from an autumn holiday, spent partly at Moncton Milnes's in Yorkshire who is a great admirer of him as the young poet of the day. Indeed I now see that Swinburne is shortly to make a noise in the world. Milnes and he were also kindred spirits as to impropriety, Milnes no doubt seeing that his mantle of this order of prophetic mission—or rather utter absence of mantle or other decent covering—will be submitted in unsullied lustre through Swinburne's hands. At present the young poet is in panting expectation of a high mark of favor and confidence promised him by his mentor, to wit the loan of De Sade's "Justine," the most immoral book in the world."

—from a sale catalogue, Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus, London.

* * *

Whereas the main business of the sun and all the stars that we can see, he pointed out, was self-annihilation through the conversion of their matter to produce radiation, cold bodies like the earth represented merely what was left after all that could be annihilated and radiated into space had been so treated. The work of self-annihilation, he deducted, took place only in matter of heavier atomic weight than uranium, the heaviest known on earth.

"We are thus led to picture the youngest stars as formed of matter, practically all of which is unknown on earth," he says.

Illustrating the primary physical process of the universe, Mr. Jeans states:

"Whereas, the ordinary combustion of a ton of coal provides energy enough to drive an express locomotive for an hour, the annihilation of a ton of coal would provide enough energy for all the heating, lighting, power and transport in Great Britain for a century.

"Our physics and our chemistry," he contends, "are only the fringes of far-reaching sciences; beyond the seashore we have explored in our laboratories lies the ocean, the existence of which we are only beginning to suspect."

—New York *Times*' abstract of a paper by J. H. Jeans in the Report of the Smithsonian Institution.

* * *

But even on "cold bodies like the earth," Merry Christmas!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

A French Review

MEDIEVAL RHETORIC AND POETIC (to 1400) Interpreted from Representative Works. By CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928.

Reviewed by EDMOND FARAL
Collège de France

CE volume de M. Charles Sears Baldwin, consacré à la rhétorique et à politique médiévales, fait suite à un volume précédent, qui traitait du même sujet dans l'antiquités. L'idée qui l'a inspiré ait en elle-même excellente; et excellente aussi l'idée de la traiter du point de vue historique, et suivant le développement de la tradition antique à travers les siècles du moyen âge. On ne puit qu'approuver le plan général de M. Baldwin, qui, ayant traité dans un premier chapitre de la rhétorique ancienne, a étudié successivement le pré-moyen âge, depuis Saint Augustin jusqu'à la fin du dix-septième siècle, puis l'époque carolingienne et l'onzième siècle, puis les douzième et treizième siècles, pour finir par un examen d'ensemble de l'action exercée par les théories et vigueur de la littérature de langue vulgaire.

Le livre cependant, à le lire de près, est quelque peu décevant. Il ne satisfait pas l'esprit et fait l'impression d'une œuvre insuffisamment mûrié. L'objet qui se proposait l'auteur avait besoin d'être puissément défini dans sa pensée même. S'agissant d'une vaste matière, qui devait tenir en un nombre de pages relativement restraint, il semblait qu'on dût s'attendre moins à des investigations originales sur des points particuliers qu'à une présentation d'ensemble des faits connus, où l'effort principal de l'écrivain aurait porté sur la composition, au sens propre et profond du mot. Où il ne semble pas que M. Baldwin ait eu de son propre dessein une conception très nette. De là, tout à la fois, des excès et des manques, qui proviennent, de ce qu'il y a un hésitation entre le point de vue de la recherche inédite et celui de l'exposé historique. A cet égard, l'exemple du chapitre premier est frappant. On y trouve des vues intéressantes sur le rôle de la "seconde sophistique" dans la constitution de la doctrine des rhéteurs; mais les faits qui s'y trouvent exposés n'ont aucun rapport direct avec les doctrines médiévales: quel besoin, par conséquent, d'en parler? Il est manifeste que la surabondance est ici un defaut et que le livre en souffre comme d'une sorte d'excroissance pathologique. Mais le développement parasitain présente, parfois aussi, i'inconvénient de faire apparaître crûment certaines lacunes, et le même chapitre premier en est encore un exemple. M. Baldwin sait fort bien (puisqu'il la dit dans sa Préface) que les écrits anciens qui ont influé tout particulièrement et presque exclusivement sur le moyen âge sont les deux livres du "De Inventione" de Ciceron et la "Rhéthorique à Herennius," auxquels it faut ajouter la "Politique" d'Horace. C'est à ces textes qu'il convenait de consacrer le chapitre liminaire, en indiquant subsidiairement, s'il était possible, leurs attacher à la tradition hellenique; or, la-dessus, à peine quelques mots, noyés dans le reste. C'est une lacune. Autres exemples: M. Baldwin, ne voulant pas s'en tenir aux seuls écrits théoretiques, a fait une place aux auteurs qui, sans être des théoriciens, ont pratiqué un style sans lequel certains principes sont aisément discernables, Ansom, Sidoni Appollinaire, etc.; mais c'était prendre l'engagement, qui n'est pas été tenu, de montrer ensuite, au moins à grands traits, le rôle quels ont joué comme modèles. De même, M. Baldwin s'est livré à une étude méritoire des hymnes, comme expressions d'une certaine poétique; mais pourquoi, engagé dans cette voie, avoir sacrifié tout le reste de la poésie latine médiévale, comme si elle ne meritait point d'attention ou même comme si elle n'existait point?

Ce que regretteront le plus ceux qui s'occupent de littérature médiévale, ce sont les insuffisances du chapitre final, vers lequel tous les chapitres antérieurs auraient dû concourir comme à leur but commun. M. Baldwin a bien senti que l'intérêt des textes étudiés par lui existait surtout en fonction des œuvres auxquelles se sont appliqués des doctrines qu'ils exposent. Ce sont donc les particularités stylistiques de ces œuvres qui auraient dû lui servir de guide dans son analyse de la tradition doctrinale; et par exemple, constatant la façon dont la description de personnes ont été exécutée toujours selon le même plan, à partir du douzième siècle, il n'aurait pas manqué de dans Sidoine Apollinaire le portrait de Théodoric, qui est l'origine certaine de la mode en question. Mais on peut se demander si M. Baldwin n'a pas négligé de s'informer suffisamment sur l'ensemble de la littérature médiévale, littérature latine, et littératures nationales. Il a jeté sa sonde ça et là, et non sans mérite; mais comme on eut desiré une connaissance plus large des choses!

On ne lira pas sans profit un livre où ne manque pas l'érudition et qui apporte en plusieurs endroits des faits nouveaux. Mais l'histoire, une véritable histoire, de la rhétorique et de la poésie médiévales est encore à écrire. Je souhaite qu'elle tentit quelqu'un, puisqu'aussi bien, maintenant, les matériaux sont à portée de main.

War Novels

I SAW IT MYSELF. By HENRI BARBUSSE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

PRIVATE SUHREN. The Story of a German Rifleman. By GEORG VON DER VRING. Translated by FRED HALL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

HENRI BARBUSSE is one of the most effective propagandists of whom the French radicals dispose. Here his technique is that of the old conventional atrocity story of the days of the World War, when any lie was justified if it could whip up the civilians to renewed or greater exertions. Here the "enemy" is no longer *les sales bôches*, but the equally Hunnish capitalists. His book is a collection of twenty-five brief descriptive sketches of the War, the White Terror, and of capitalist civilization in general. He uses none but the primary colors, with sheer white, the black of Erebus, and the red of gore predominating. His book abounds in shocking examples of cruelty, torture, and terror, which are effective propaganda for the "Class War." They are, in every instance, based on actual fact, but fact conveniently distorted to serve as a Communist text. As propaganda they are out of date; as literature they are negligible; as polemics alone are they significant.

Rather more important as propaganda is the tale of a German rifleman in the World War. Here are no horrors, little fighting, and a good deal of wine, women, and grousing. It has always seemed extraordinary that the German propagandists have not more fully exploited the Russian phases of their war with the world. Private Suhren is a cog in the German war machine on the Russian front. Georg von der Vring has written a realistic, if not gay, account of a common soldier's experiences, which culminate in a slight wound in one of the Volhynian battles. For the first time, we are permitted to see the war through German eyes, sane, human, and not distorted by prejudice or propaganda. One wishes that the book were more entertaining in character, but unfortunately it comes on the heels of a glut of war books and suffers from the disadvantage of a stale theme which is not redeemed by the freshness of its setting.

Carols of a Columnist

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD. By STODDARD KING. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THIS work, by one of whom you've heard,
Is "Listen to the Mocking-Bird,"
Containing nothing else but verses,
The praise whereof the Muse rehearses:
The Mocking-Bird is Stoddard King,
Who pipes of nearly everything,
Like marriage, bandits, gentle quiet,
The movies, babies, golfers, diet,
Of stockings, endocrines and plays,
Of telephones and women's ways,
Of cats, those dark, Satanic friskers,
Of robins, almanacs and whiskers,
Of five-room bungalows and furs,
Of jazz and swamis, hims and hers,
And countless quirks and whims imputed
To all the partly evoluted
Descendants of the Anthropoid,
Including you and Doctor Freud.
He does it well, he does it neatly,
He carols fluently and sweetly,
In simple strains without pretense
Uniting laughter, love and sense.
Come, springalds gay and doffers doddered,
And listen to the song of Stoddard!

Elizabeth and Essex *by LYTTON STRACHEY*
"The magic of these pages draws one back again and again; the style haunts one; the effect of the whole is pure enchantment."—*N. Y. Times.* *Illustrated,* $3.75

Orlando *by VIRGINIA WOOLF*
The story of a nobleman who, as REBECCA WEST says, was "born in the days of Queen Elizabeth, is alive today, and feels no ill consequences from having round about the middle of the eighteenth century changed from a man to a woman." *Illustrated,* $3.00

Good Morning, America *by CARL SANDBURG*
"One of the most important contributions to American poetry of some years."—*Fanny Butcher* in the *Chicago Tribune.* $3.00

A Man Can Build a House *by NATHALIE COLBY*
PADRAIC COLUM in *The Saturday Review*: "She has it in her to be the satirist of our time. When we read this book we know that we have some account of the Vanity Fair of our day." $2.50

Hunger Fighters *by PAUL DE KRUIF*
"A grand book!"—*William Allen White.* "Magnificent, highly informative, exciting." *Henry S. Canby.* *Illustrated,* $3.00

The Vicar's Daughter *by E. H. YOUNG*
"To read a novel of quiet English family life such as this distinguished story is really to taste the alien quality of England."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

Condemned to Devil's Island *by BLAIR NILES*
"An epic of the living dead."—*N. Y. Times.* *Illustrated,* $3.00

Roads to the North *by CHARLES S. BROOKS*
"There is about this book a Lambian quality that one finds rarely nowadays."—*The Forum.* *Illustrated,* $3.00

New Songs for New Voices
LOUIS UNTERMEYER chose the poems, some of which are by A. A. Milne, Carl Sandburg, Walter de la Mare, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay. CLARA and DAVID MANNES chose the music, written by composers of *today.* PEGGY BACON made the full page illustrations and witty head and tail pieces. $5.00

Harcourt, Brace & Co.,
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Cycles of Taste

By FRANK P. CHAMBERS

"Contains more literary dynamite than any study of classical antiquity that has recently appeared, and, if Mr. Chambers is right, his volume means a complete rearrangement of European artistic history . . . The 'classical' school of aesthetics and criticism receives a body blow in this compact little volume. Not that Mr. Chambers is opposed to their doctrine — he merely indicates that its proponents have misread all the facts at their disposal." —Howard Mumford Jones in *Chicago News.* "An unusually interesting essay." — *American Magazine of Art.* 2.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Outlook of Dec. 5 says: "*The White Crow* by Philip MacDonald and *The Slype* by Russell Thorndike, are both published, as are, despite Van Dines and Crime Clubs, most of the best detective stories, by Lincoln Mac Veagh: The Dial Press."

The WHITE CROW
By Philip MacDonald
The author of *The Rasp* works out a brilliant detective story to an amazing conclusion.
$2.00

UNDER-GROUND
By J. Jefferson Farjeon
The latest mystery by this unique writer. Baffling, humorous, and human.
$2.00

MONSIEUR X
By R. W. Sneddon
American journalists in Paris—and much more. "Never flags a minute."—*London Times.*
$2.00

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Foreign Literature

Hauptmann's Latest

TILL EULENSPIEGEL. By GERHARDT HAUPTMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1928.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IT would be absurd to press too far any analogy between Gerhart Hauptmann and Bernard Shaw. For one thing—the most obvious—the latter has a wit and humor of a quality which marks off his work fundamentally from that of the German dramatist. But there are certain resemblances on which it is interesting to dwell, particularly in connection with Hauptmann's latest book, a twentieth-century "Till Eulenspiegel" or, as the archaically ponderous title in full has it, "Des grossen Kampffliegers, Landfahrers, Gauklers and Magiers Till Eulenspiegel Abenteuer, Streiche, Gaukeleien, Gesichte and Träume."

Like Bernard Shaw, Hauptmann began as a social dramatist, with a naturalistic technique; his earliest work had a practical and didactic purpose. Later both writers felt the attraction of classical history, and although the "Bogen des Odysseus" is as different as can be from "Cæsar and Cleopatra," it is evidence of a somewhat similar reaction. And then, at the latest stage of their development both writers seem to have felt the necessity of producing a comprehensive exposition of their philosophy. In this respect, at least, this "Till Eulenspiegel" may be paralleled with "Back to Methuselah." The writer has been engaged for some years on meditating its thesis, if not on its actual execution. It is to be regarded as a considered presentation of his thought regarding life here and hereafter; it is a summing-up of his views concerning his country and its place in international life. It is the "picture of the 'Ewige Deutsche.'" So much we can gather, not only from the publishers' announcements and the preliminary notices which have been issued from time to time during the past few years, ever since it was known that Hauptmann was engaged on the culminating work of his life, but also from the book itself, which, as it proceeds, unfolds some such plan, even if it does not always keep within its limits.

Where Bernard Shaw has gone back to the Book of Genesis, Hauptmann has returned to an old and familiar classic for his starting-point. Instead of a drama, however, he has written a poem. It is divided into eighteen "adventures," all in unrhymed anapaests, and we will at once remark that it is no small technical achievement to have sustained his task—the whole poem cannot be far short of eight thousand lines—with so much energy and fertility of invention. Much of the poem will pass even the test of reading aloud; over most of its considerable length it is varied enough in rhythm and lively enough in vocabulary to hold the reader's interest, even if he feels no great attraction for the thought which the verse enshrines. On this count, its meaning and intellectual significance, the poem must, as a whole, we think, be written down a disappointment. The hero is a vagabond and traveling showman who has been a flying "ace" in the German Army. With his caravan, his horses, Gift and Galle, his dog Prinz, and his women Gule, he travels from place to place, with the bells jingling on his officer's cap, calling the people to see his mirror, in which their own faces are reflected. His adventures, and still more his comments and reminiscences, make up the book.

The tone of most of the poem is satirical, but the jester's humor is rather heavy. His democratic reactions, due to his war-experience, have become rather an obsession and his creator leads him into adventures which, one feels, have not much to do with the fundamental German character but are illustrations of transitory and exceptional features of German public life. The third adventure, for example, presents a murder by a reactionary soldier, a Stahlhelm. A later adventure is occupied with the Kapp "Putsch"—newspaper material of a kind which, possible to treat adequately in drama, in this epical handling seems either to acquire undue prominence or, where lightly handled, to fall into a bathos recalling "Rejected Addresses." There are several other examples of this contest between topicality and poetical imagination—a rendering of a Communist riot, an account of the wedding of the Kaiser's grandson in a Silesian town, at which Tull amuses the company by his jesting and astonishes them by a narration of his dream of the Day of Judgment. Such rhetorical passages as this—where the poetry sometimes becomes intense and genuine—do not, in this setting, well accord with the rather commonplace references to topical subjects such as "Schuldfrage," the Fourteen Points, and the like. It may be said that Till, the licensed jester, may roam where he will, from the sublime to the ridiculous, but to transform journalistic commonplaces into poetry, and disengage the permanent significance underlying them, requires gifts of the highest order. The attempt here made is undoubtedly interesting, but it is by no means uniformly successful.

Eventually Till leaves national politics behind, however, and in various ways is brought into contact with the religion and philosophy of the age. In this section—from the ninth "adventure" onwards—the poet succeeds in giving us an impression of the intellectual anarchy, the exaggerated individualism, the cranky search for novelty which has marked his country since the war—and not his country alone. Till falls in with a pastor called Naso who describes his ambition to found a universal church compounded of the best elements in Lutheranism and Catholicism. Naturally he fails, but as he is represented to us as a drunken reprobate, religious only in his verbosity, we are left in doubt whether his creator wishes to discredit his ideal or paint a realistic portrait of a type. This uncertainty persists for most of the remainder of the poem. In succeeding "adventures" Till is brought face to face with such different gospels as Czarist imperialism, Ghandian humanitarianism, Leninist Bolshevism, vague oriental mysticism compounded of the doctrines of Buddha, Zoroaster, and Confucius. There is a satirical sketch of a man whose bombastically-described gospel for humanity is reduced, on analysis, to vegetarianism and anti-vivisection. Till experiences a conversation with Satan and Saturnalia. Classical allusions become common, and the latter part of the poem is occupied with a long monologue by Till in which he describes his adventures among the pagan gods and goddesses, his ride on a centaur, his idyllic life with the goddess Baubo. He rises to a kind of ecstasy and is unable to distinguish between reality and the creations of his exuberant imagination or disordered fancy. This riot of apocalyptic rhetoric culminates in a quarrel with Gule and Till's determination to end his days alone as a hermit in Switzerland. There, in that land of peace, he dies by his own hand, but with no answer to his questions, no end to his metaphysical speculations. He had long since doffed his cap and bells and turned his mirror to the wall, but the contentment he reaches is the contentment of extinction, not of achievment.

Foreign Notes

CONSIDERABLE progress has been made with "The Cambridge History of the British Empire," the editorial direction of which has been entrusted to Professor J. Holland Rose, Professor A. C. Newton, and Mr. E. A. Benians. In its construction this new coöperative history will follow generally the plan adopted in "The Cambridge Modern History." The joint editors will have the assistance of Professor W. P. McC. Kennedy (Canada), Professor Ernest Scott (Australia), Professor J. Hight (New Zealand), and Professor E. A. Walker (South Africa) as advisers in connection with the history of their own Dominions. It is hoped that Volume I., entitled "The Old Empire, from the Beginning to 1783," will be ready early next year. Volume II. will deal with "The Growth of the New Empire 1783-1870"; Volume III. with "The Empire Commonwealth, 1870-1921." Volumes IV. and V., devoted to British India and the Indian Empire from 1497-1918, which are being edited by Professor H. Dodwell, will also form part of "The Cambridge History of India," now in course of preparation. Volume VI. will be devoted to Canada and Newfoundland; Volume VII. to Australia and New Zealand, and Volume VIII. to South Africa.

A book of quite unusual quality, by an author hitherto virtually unknown, is "La Patrie Intérieure" (Paris: Librairie des Champs Elysées), by Ignace Legrand. It is a portrayal of the war, tragic, sombre, and impressive.

François Fosca's latest novel, "L'Amour Forcé" (Paris: Au Sans Pareil), is a study of the harm wrought by gossip and scandal and the passion for interfering in other people's lives. It is a somber tale, but one written with sympathy and understanding.

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Points of View

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I note that Beverly Kunkel, professor in Lafayette College, in his review of the book "Creation by Evolution," published by Macmillan Company, in a recent *Saturday Review* says that four of the British contributors to the book are Fellows of the Royal Society. This should have read *ten* of the twelve British writers. The introduction is written by the retiring president of the Royal Society.

He mentions "on account of lack of editing." This book was most carefully and thoroughly edited by perhaps the greatest editorial expert in the United States, who worked a year on the editing, in conjunction with the editor of the book, Frances Mason.

His complaint that the book suffers because "almost every essay includes a definition of Evolution"—this is certainly no disadvantage, as each writer gives his own conception, and *no two disagree*, which only adds to the strength.

I write this, as it does not seem the review is impartial or exactly true to facts. No book, probably, or possibly, in years, has had so many and such favorable reviews, as has "Creation by Evolution."

TYLER HEWETT BENNETT.

Good Talk

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of November 17 you say some profound things in the article, "Good Talk." You wonder *why* the great devils in Hell talked so much more profoundly than the angels who fell not. The reason has not occurred to man, but the Bible fully reveals it. Proof? Read: Dan. xi, 36-38. The God of forces, i. e., of light, electricity, gravitation, etc. is Great Pan, the Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient One. The one who *honors* (not worships) Him and speaks marvelous things against the "God of gods" (Jehovah) is Satan, the subtle scientist. The God of force is the God of science, of reason, of logic. He rules the universe by immutable *laws*. Now read Rev. x, 1-11. The angel who speaks here is Lucifer, the Lord of light, logic, and law. The rainbow is the symbol of Lucifer, the light-bringer. He is Lucifer, Son of the Morning, Great Pan's mighty Angel of Light. Now read Rev. xiiii, 1-2. The angel who announces the fall of Babylon the great, and whose glory lightens the earth, is Apollyon, the Avenging Angel. Babylon the Great (great confusion) is the Church of Christ. His Church, split into 1001 warring sects in great confusion, indeed, eh?

Satan always contended that the gods are evil beings and tyrants, who demand "worship," "service," and "sacrifice" of men. The gods strangely confine Satan's contention, since though each god claims he himself is "holy," he declares all other gods are *false!* Now read Ex. xxix, 1-42. Here we have Jehovah inveigling men to "shed innocent blood" under the guise of "worshiping holy God." Then read Ex. xxxii, 1-14. Here we have Moses showing Jehovah what an ass he is making of himself and forcing him to restrain his unreasonable "wrath" for fear of the ridicule of the Egyptians. Dare any sane person say he thinks that He who made the stars ever acted and talked as Jehovah does in Exodus?

Now *read* Rev. xiii, 1-18. Note 18th verse. Christ in Greek equals 666. He is the false prophet who deceived men by his miracles into "worshiping" the beast. Note that the beast who proclaimed himself "Almighty God" is hydraheaded.

The reason *why* Lucifer the Logician was one-third of Heaven's host right under the throne of Jehovah the Jealous becomes clear now. Those who fell with him were the *thinkers* of Heaven, hence the high discourse in Hell. The "little book" in Rev. x is the Bible, the most ironical of books! Pan, the Omniscient One, put a few passages in it to *prove* who loved reason and who loved power. See? Also to prove His own omniscience.

Detroit. R. D. TOMPKINS.

That Christ the Chaotic *is* chaotic is *proved* by the self-contradictory teachings of his shouting "sheep." The Judgment Day is here.

APOLLYON.

Roosevelt Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have now completed much of my research for a book on the late Theodore Roosevelt and am looking for unpublished letters and other documents. May I ask any readers of the *Saturday Review* who have such material to get in touch with me?

My biography is not to be the "debunking" variety in the sense that I am trying to break down President Roosevelt's reputation. I plan to tell both sides of the story and to make the book as honest and complete as I possibly can. I want friendly as well as critical material.

I shall be most happy, of course, to call upon anyone who may have material or recollections regarding Mr. Roosevelt. Within the next few weeks, in all probability, I shall make an extended out of town trip for that purpose.

HENRY F. PRINGLE
2 Grace Court,
Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.

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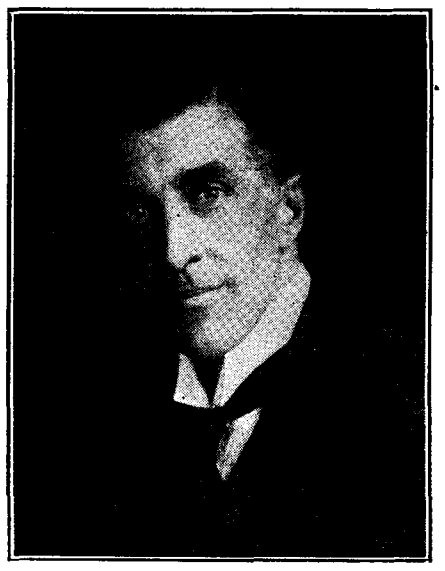

JONATHAN CAPE

JONATHAN CAPE, President of Jonathan Cape, Ltd., whose publishing house, 30 Bedford Square, London, has become a literary center, announced today that he has arranged to commence publishing operations in New York. The new firm is not to be a branch of the English house, but will be an independent firm working in alliance with Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. Associated with Mr. Cape will be Harrison Smith, who has been an editor for the well known firm of Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. The name of the new firm will be Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Inc. Mr. Smith will also be a director of the English house.

While the new firm expects to introduce English authors to American readers, it is their intention to publish what they consider good in America or from any other source. It is hoped that the majority of the books on their list will be of American origin.

The firm of Jonathan Cape, Ltd. has published some of the most distinguished writers of Great Britain, including Samuel Butler, H. G. Wells, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, Liam O'Flaherty, W. H. Davies, Percy Lubbock, Laurence Housman, Rebecca West, the Marquis of Curzon, Hilaire Belloc, Hugh Lofting, Beverly Nichols, E. H. Young, etc. Mr. Cape has also published such Continental writers as Count Hermann Keyserling, André Maurois, and André Siegfried. Among the well known American authors who have been introduced to England by this firm are Sinclair Lewis, Katherine Mayo, Hendrik Van Loon, Sherwood Anderson, Eugene O'Neill, H. L. Mencken, Dorothy Canfield, Louis Bromfield, Fannie Hurst.

Mr. Cape was interviewed in New York recently on his return from a short trip to Canada. He said that since Jonathan Cape, Ltd. was in a position to expand into new fields, they had decided to enter publishing in America, because of the unrivalled opportunities offered here, rather than to develop their own business in the widely scattered territory of the British Empire. Their policy has been to publish a somewhat restricted list of books so far as numbers are concerned, rather than to develop into a publishing house concerned with mass production. This policy of selection will be pursued in the United States, but the new firm will be receptive towards any new work which has inspiration, vitality, or the expression of new ideas.

Mr. Harrison Smith, previous to his seven years' association with Harcourt, Brace & Company was connected with the Century Company. He states that he has for some time had under consideration the possibility of establishing his own publishing house, but has decided this alliance with Mr. Cape presents a more interesting future and far greater potentialities than could be found under his own imprint. He emphasizes the fact that though the new firm is of international origin it is to be strictly American in its methods of procedure. It is to be established in quarters in the section of New York above the Grand Central Station, not far from Park Avenue. The association of Mr. Cape and Mr. Smith should produce interesting publishing developments in the near future.

A Query

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Can you tell me where the quotation, "As the sun colors the flowers, so Art colors life," comes from?

RILLA EVELYN JACKMAN.
729 Irving Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

Thoreau Papers

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am trying to secure accurate texts of Henry Thoreau's college essays. Middlebury College, the Morgan Library, and the Huntington Library have most of the manuscripts. I should appreciate learning of the whereabouts of the few others of these college essays by Thoreau.

RAYMOND ADAMS.
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Shaw Firsts

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Somebody advertises in your columns for first editions of Bernard Shaw. That reminds me.

A while ago I had occasion to doubt the punctuation of a quotation from the preface to "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant." It proved to be as in the American edition. Carrying my investigation further, I found that Shaw regards the American edition of such a book as entirely unauthoritative and thinks it should be quoted only from the London edition. Going on to see just what the differences on the page in question were, I found that they were by no means limited to one bit of punctuation.

Working by internal evidence in the light of my experience with proof-sheets, I judge that the story is as follows. The United States copyright law required the type of the American edition to be set in the United States. Consequently duplicate galley proofs were sent over as copy from which the American edition could be set, so that it might come out in both countries at once. Meanwhile the type in England was made up into pages, and received Shaw's additional corrections while this was being done. Some of the corrections were made because Shaw decided that he preferred the new form; others—I am still working by internal evidence—were made to shorten pages to the length that the printer wanted, and in these cases there is no presumption that Shaw really preferred the new form.

The conclusion is that the American edition, setting aside any mere misprints that the American printers have either made or inherited from the English galley proofs, represents an earlier stage in Shaw's revision of his work. In general, the English edition gives the forms preferred by Shaw's ripest judgment at the time it was made; but there are a few changes (distinguishable to an experienced proofreader by internal evidence) which Shaw made under spatial compulsion, as to which the presumption is rather in favor of the American edition, though of course it is possible in any case that Shaw may actually have preferred the form to which he was driven by compulsion.

Consequently no collector on either side of the water has a complete set of Shaw firsts unless he has both the American and the English edition of every book published under such circumstances; and nobody who has to make a meticulous study of a Shaw text can afford to neglect to consult both. To how many of Shaw's works this description applies I do not know.

But don't send me any offers of Shaw firsts that you have for sale. Send them to that advertiser.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ART IN THE LIFE OF MANKIND. 1, A General View of Art; 2, Art in Ancient Times. (Both freely illustrated.) By ALLEN W. SEABY. Oxford University Press. 1928. $1.75 each.

The Professor of Fine Arts of Reading University, England, has evidently collected what were successful lectures into elementary books, with the merits and likewise the defects of such conversion. There is much that is handy in these light volumes of pocket size. One may guess that the series will run to six volumes or so, which will not overburden a large satchel. The system of illustration is excellent, the cuts being largely made from the author's pen sketches, which illustrate a given point more emphatically than could small reproductions from photographs. In general, the treatment is clear and sufficiently accurate for the purpose in hand, and abreast of recent discoveries. The initial volume suffers from all-overishness, a defect which the volume directed to pre-classic art does not escape. The author has no gift of style to enliven so synoptic a work. Generally, the opinions are safe and judicious rather than original, but it is as hard to believe that "The nave columns of Luxor are as fine as any Greek colonnade," as it is to believe that Columbus discovered America in 1453. In the scarcity of good general surveys in English, this series may serve a useful purpose in the classroom or private study.

Biography

KEEPING OFF THE SHELF. By MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN. Dutton. 1928. $5.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, the author of these unsensational but wholly delightful and instructive memoirs, has achieved a notable career of beneficent activity in the public services. More than sixty years ago, when she was the girlish and winning Blanche Galton, the present writer first saw her across the footlights in London. Since then fate has made him the observer of her artistic work, in the most diverse conditions, during the greater part of her professional life, until, still in full possession of her faculties, she holds the unique position of the oldest living actress and popular favorite upon the English-speaking stage. She has never been a "star," has never been identified with any really great dramatic character, but, in straight and musical comedy, farce and melodrama, she has played innumerable and often widely contrasted parts with unfailing understanding and complete competence. Whatever she undertook in a wide range of impersonations, she did well and thoroughly.

By virtue of her long, arduous, and comprehensive training and natural intelligence and industry she long ago became a genuine and trustworthy actress, nowadays *rarissima avis in terris*, something infinitely more significant artistically than any of the theatrical butterflies, who with practically no equipment save their personal attractiveness, glitter in the sunlight of prosperity for a few seasons and then vanish in the dusk of oblivion. Of the vicissitudes of fortune she has had her full share. They are characteristic of the life behind the curtain, and she speaks of them with charming directness, simplicity, and vivacity, and the shrewd wisdom of ripe experience. She knows, as do all intelligent observers, that the present lamentable condition of the commercial theatre is largely due to the lack of practical schools for actors and of capable farseeing management. Her book ought to find—as it doubtless will—many readers.

Fiction

JOSHUA'S VISION. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.50.

The stability and regularity of Locke are admirable. Every year one can count on him to publish a novel of great interest to many people; and what is more this book will always be a perfectly self-respecting work of considerable vigor and vitality. This periodic production of novels has, very obviously, its drawbacks. It almost inevitably implies that there will be no great surprises uncovered; the unexpected and the new never turn up. This is the great shortcoming of "Joshua's Vision." It is a perfectly satisfactory book, written with skill and lucidity, but it never for a moment shows its author to be anything more than competent.

"Joshua's Vision" is the story of the resurrection of a middle-aged man. From a stupid mediocrity he rises to idealistic supremacy. Joshua follows the pathway from boots to art, and discovers himself at the end. Such a book inevitably borders on the whimsical. Joshua Fendick discovers the Land of Illusion (the capitals are, unfortunately, Mr. Locke's) and his stifled spirit finds salvation in artistic creation. A woman of character and ability encourages his new ambitions, and with her help and the inspiration of his model's beauty to back him, he makes statues of lasting significance. Such, with many more intricacies, is the life of Joshua.

On the whole the book is capably and conventionally handled. As in many books of this sort, however, in which we hear of the astounding genius of a man, the horrid suspicion cannot be crushed that his work was really not so very good after all, and that his true *milieu*, if he had but known it, was his little world of boots. And the persistence of this suspicion always implies that the author has failed to make his character real and living.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN. By MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Restraint in any work of art is without a doubt a quality much to be sought after, and much to be admired when finally discovered. It is, however, a dangerously fascinating virtue, depending as it does upon such an elusive form of subtlety. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has, it seems to us, fallen into this alluring pitfall of restraint, to such a depth that she has lost much of the vigor which her stories, in themselves, possess. In "Some Men and Women" she has shown the greatest restraint possible, only there was nothing, so to speak, for her to restrain. The volume is made up of a series of "dramatic glimpses" into the lives of a number of twentieth century people of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's creation. The characters, in themselves, are interesting, and the situations are frequently exciting, but the glimpses are misted over with an unnatural veil of simplicity. It is as if Katherine Mansfield had written detective stories.

Of the ten little sketches which make up this volume, "The Call" and "The Answer" are far and away the best. One is inclined to select these simply because they deal a little more straightforwardly and naturally with the material in them than do any of the others. These two alone seem really first rate, and their interest and strength does not depend upon an overworked subtlety. The book, moreover, taken as a whole deserves a significant place in that rapidly increasing library of depressing portraits of post-war England.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE. By BRAVIG IMBS. Dial. 1928. $2.50.

The setting of this engaging first novel is patently the campus of the University of Wisconsin, but it might just as well be that of any other college in a small town. The tale is told by a student who is working his way through college at forty cents an hour (with frequent disputes over his pay) as butler to Delia Ramson, wife of the head of the English department. By telling his story in this adroit way, the author, adopting the proverbial detachment of a butler, greatly enhances the drollery of the proceedings. And by letting the facts tell themselves in incident and dialogue, set forth skeletonically with the utmost retraint and lack of comment, he makes his campus live on every page.

There is no story, no plot—only a succession of incidents characterizing Delia Ramson, who thinks Barrie is greater than Shakespeare because "he has the light touch that Shakespeare never had." She makes it her business to manage and lionize everybody whose possibilities she can capitalize; and her blunders are as amazing as they are inevitable.

There are dozens of entertaining incidents, comments, and characters; Frost, Edna Millay, William J. Bryan, Billy Sunday, Rebecca West, and many others flit through these pages, and all are entertained or put in their places by Delia Ramson and her cohorts. Nothing is quite so droll as the de Pachmann concert; but every incident in the book, and every character presented, is so real as to hurt.

Prose satire of this kind is a medium in which Mr. Imbs seems much more at home than in such verse of his as has been published in *transition*. In fact, it would be difficult to find a book that offers its reader two hours of such delicious and unmitigated entertainment as this one.

HEART OF THE WOODS. By ISABEL ADAMS. Century. 1928. $2.

A woman who is at once a lover of nature and a lover of humanity should be able to write an appealing book. Isabel Adams has demonstrated this double capacity in her fine volume, whose background is the vast Canadian woodland, and whose habitants are of unique personality. She writes both objectively and subjectively, which proves her to be endowed with the soul of the artist and the penetration of the acute observer. And it is this difference from ordinary essays upon out-of-the-way localities that gives to her descriptions a sincerity and earnestness that hold a reader's interest. If there was only this one character sketch—but there are others both strong and memorable—little boy Paul would win for the book more than fleeting esteem. The sketch of the child is brought in with a kind of casualness, but his secret hold upon the author's mind is revealed by his being given the last word in the story. The story thread is slight, and somewhat over-laid with description; but if there is a hero it is little Paul. He is drawn with a pen dipped in the living fluid of that motherly love which always makes any writing irresistible.

SKIN O' MY TOOTH. By BARONESS ORCZY. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

In a dozen short stories, Alexander Stanislaus Mullins, confidential clerk to Patrick Mulligan, the lawyer-detective whose nickname gives the book its title, tells how his master saved a dozen clients who were unjustly accused of a couple of dozen crimes. There is not much that is either novel or exciting in the walls of apparently irrefragable evidence reared around these suspects, nor in the manner in which Skin o' my Tooth topples them over.

TWOPENCE COLOURED. By PATRICK HAMILTON. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.50.

We remember "Craven House" with keen delight. It was in many ways a remarkable light novel, recommending Mr. Hamilton to us as a novelist of unusual insight and sensitiveness. Beginning "Twopence Coloured," we were completely prejudiced in its favor. But we soon came to the sad notion that probably there would be only one "Craven House" in Mr. Hamilton's life.

"Twopence Coloured" tells of a young English girl's adventures in the theatre in London and the provinces, of her rise to a little above obscurity, and her voluntary descent into private life.

Mr. Hamilton writes of the theatre as if he knew it as well as his own name. We get from the novel a circumstantial account of the problems of the road, the stock company, the rehearsal hall; in short, practically everything pertaining to the theater of contemporary Great Britain is set forth pleasantly and honestly. But all this explanation does not leave any too much room for the story of Jackie Mortimer and her stage career. Mr. Hamilton, we judge, intends her difficulties and rewards to be largely typical of those any decent girl would encounter; Jackie remains a little unconvincing, and the story of her struggle a little discursive. Mr. Hamilton is his best self occasionally (that best self is wonderfully good), and at those times he moves us gracefully and surely to melancholy or to satirical amusement. But often "Twopence Coloured" is talky and uncertain; it remains definitely below the high accomplishment of "Craven House."

THINGS WERE DIFFERENT. By ELISABETH FAGAN. Dial. 1928. $2.50.

Not so very different, one would say, judging from a brief outline of the plot. For this traces the lives of two young English girls: one, who tells the story, having listened to her elders, behaves in a modest, seemly manner, and so loses out in love and never finds a husband; the other listens to no one and follows the dictates of a strong and selfish nature, and she has lovers a-plenty and husbands three. Things are like that now in fiction. The difference further dissolves when one learns that the girl with the beaux before marriage has a lover after marriage and is accused of murdering her husband and is acquitted by an admiring jury. Things are like that now in the newspapers. But beyond this there is a difference. It lies in the outward attitude of the people surrounding the two girls. It was necessary, then, either to pretend blindness to the adventures of the one or to condemn her and equally necessary to admire the conduct and regret the misfortune of the other. And so, really, Things Were Different.

Elisabeth has very cleverly succeeded in having it both ways, as it were. She catches the charm of the restrained Victorian outlook on life and love, and she snatches the excitement and qualities of the post-Victorian era with almost equal ease. The story is written very much as it might have been told, with a full background giving the flavor of the times both in England and in Anglo-India where the action occurs. It is a delicate business letting a good girl tell the story of a bad one—that way, so often, smugness lies—but in "Things Were Different" the danger is avoided to the extent of keeping the reader's sympathy with the girl of the first person, even if his interest may flicker over to her less worthy rival.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Early Life of THOMAS HARDY

By Florence Emily Hardy

"MRS. HARDY'S book is one of the most interesting biographies I have read in a long time. It gives a perfect picture of Mr. Hardy's development with a great many interesting side lights on literary life in Victorian England. It is a masterpiece."—*William Lyon Phelps.*

"Competent opinion will hold that Mrs. Hardy has succeeded admirably in a difficult undertaking."—Samuel C. Chew in *New York Herald Tribune.*

"An unexpected and doubly welcome gift...He stands out as a vivid personality...Not only a storehouse of information but also a deal that is entertaining."—*New York Times.* $5.00

WINTER WORDS

In Various Moods and Metres

Mr. Hardy's last poems, prepared for publication shortly before his death. The BookLeague selection for December. $2.00

THE MACMILLAN CO., 60 Fifth Ave., New York

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

UNCLE TOM PUDD. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Brentano's. 1928. $2.

Here is enchanting portraiture. Mr. Housman's delicate artistry manœuvres with perfect ease to attain this strange creation of a man.

A man, indeed. A character, a personality—quiet, unobtrusive—and yet a symbol. Yes, Uncle Tom Pudd is a symbol. His kind is rare, but once or twice in life you will run across him. He has no age; you think of him as old because he is so querulous and so calm in the face of all; but he is a complete child. He has queer, amusing little ways, inexplicable likes and dislikes; everything comes to him and from him under a glow of fancy. Mr. Housman says such people should have lived long ago and made ballads.

To Uncle Tom Pudd the plain, unvarnished truth was a thing unknown; he simply couldn't bother with it, because it bored him and seemed so unnecessary. He was the liar magnificent—the charming, inoffensive, unconscious liar who tells high stories merely to amuse himself and his listeners; and finally is quite convinced that it is all true, because it seems that it ought to be true, since it is so pleasant to believe, and pleasure and felicity are the greater parts of justice. But this is the sort of man you must understand and sympathize with or leave strictly alone; you cannot ask for scruples, for codes of behavior, or anything else in the conventional luggage of society at large; all you can ask for are his company and his talk, and you must needs accept them as they are, or not at all. Just because he is so naïve and childish, you must take him very seriously; he completely nullifies the begoggled solemnity of fatter heads and weaker hearts. To be charming is justification for all.

A symbol he was and a symbol he remains—and a much profounder symbol than you imagine. This little book is a mild philosophy of the lie—with man, at the last point of boredom and desperation in the workaday, innocently turning back to his dreams for the true life.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

THE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY CAT, THE SAILOR. By LILLIAN E. YOUNG. With illustrations by the Author. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1928. $2.50.

SKITTER AND SKEET. By ELEANOR YOUMANS. With illustrations by Ruth BENNETT. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $1.50.

MIKE. By PEARLE M. BOYD. With illustrations by W. N. BASCOM. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $1.50.

OUR CAT. By A. OLIVE HILL. With illustrations by WILL SIMMONS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1928. $1.50.

MORE ABOUT ELLIE. By ELEANOR VERDERY SLOAN. With illustrations by EDNA POTTER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

For those important persons who are between the ages of six and eight, the question of what books to read to them, and especially what books they may learn to read and pore over themselves, is becoming increasingly serious to the home and the school. The conventional primer, with its monotonous text and second-rate illustrations, would certainly be a thing of the past, were it not for the difficulty of finding just the right kind of story substitutes.

But here precisely is the difficulty. The books in the list above are not in any instance entirely worthless—in two cases, at least, far from it. With the exception, however, of Eleanor Verdery Sloan's "More About Ellie" (a sequel to "About Ellie at Sandacre") they are none of them entirely satisfactory from the point of view of parent or teacher.

"The Adventures of Tommy Cat, the Sailor," by Lillian E. Young, is one more attempt to sugar-coat geography, a subject that needs no sugar-coating. Children are after all an enormously adventurous tribe; they absorb information about the exotic and the far-away. It would seem then a mistake to lure the child towards a subject for which he is apt to have a natural liking. Tommy Cat's adventures in themselves are harmless enough, but perhaps unnecessary.

"Skitter and Skeet," by Eleanor Youmans, is the latest of the "Skitter Cat" series. It tells of the trip to California of Skitter, the cat, and his master, Little Boy. The language is simple, and some of the material fresh and interesting, particularly those passages describing birds and animals unfamiliar to the child from the eastern states. "Skitter and Skeet" will doubtless appeal to the six-year-old. It does not, however, satisfactorily answer the question, "Where shall we find books of imagination and real distinction for the very young reader?"

All this is true also of "Mike" by Pearle M. Boyd, though in this case the illustrations are a great improvement on those in "Skitter and Skeet." This story of Dicky D. and Mike, his toy dog, is pleasant and would naturally interest the average child. But, harmless as it is, it provides no kind of foundation for the reading of later years in that it is colorless, and lacks true imagination and vitality.

"Our Cat," by Olive Hill, has many positive qualities to recommend it. While it is perhaps a little too conscious for the very young to appreciate it to its fullest extent, this story of the mother cat, Mrs. Tabitha Bronte, and her kittens, is full of humor and grace. The chapter on the kittens' Christmas stockings will certainly be particularly interesting to little children. Indeed, throughout, the varied adventures of the lazy Lady Anne, the ingenious Snowball, and Don Pedro, the incurable romantic, are thoroughly good reading, though in a slightly sophisticated vein.

Certainly the best of this group of little children's books is Eleanor Verdery Sloan's "More about Ellie." Ellie and little Me-Too are children of those happy days when one could and did drive a pony, alone and unassisted, down the quiet motorless roads. It was a tremendous adventure, but it could be done. Yet these children are in no sense children of the past. They live in a world timeless as that of the "Golden Age," or "Jolly Good Times," and completely modern, too, in the best sense. The seasons beckon them, each with its own, its vividly delightful experience. Ellie and her brother sway dizzily on the tops of hay wagons, and pick great handfuls of daisies. They build bonfires on the beach, with the waves rolling softly up in the darkness. They skate, they sled,—in short, they are living children. This is a book of the best type—well written, well illustrated, and with a kind of vigor and rhythm in its simplicity.

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER. Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. Macmillan. 1928. $2.

Artzybasheff has added another book to his ever-growing list; four favorite children's poems delightfully illustrated in his extraordinary manner. The creative power of this interesting Russian family is here turned to the pictorial arts in a way that at once proclaims Russian and Modern. This man is a true artist. His works are stories in prints that fully equal the poems that inspired them in beauty, humor, and fantasy. Beside the title poem, William Allingham is represented by that charming bit of nonsense "Up the Airy Mountain." "Sleepy Head," by Walter de la Mare, and Matthew Arnold's "The Forsaken Merman" make up the complement.

HARRIET'S CHOICE. By JANE ABBOTT. Lippincott. 1928. $1.75.

By some unwritten law, modern fiction for young girls seems to be bound to present a heroine, miraculously thrust into new adventures, and involved in a mystery which culminates to the supreme delight of everyone. This convention forms the artificial shell of many girls' stories. Often because the plot is really exciting we find this shell attractive, but too often find nothing inside it. Miss Abbott's story forms not only the customary shell but also a very substantial inside. The heroine is brought into intimate contact with two other girls and an elderly aunt who think and feel very differently from her and from one another. At first she cannot understand them and is misled by their surface manners. The real development of the story is not the progress of time through mysterious and distressing events to the great moment of "dreams come true," but it is the growth of the heroine's understanding of three very different examples of human nature.

MARTIN JOHNSON—LION HUNTER. By FITZHUGH GREEN. Putnams. 1928. $1.75.

Reproduction of two of Martin Johnson's early South Seas photographs, showing a long-pig barbecue and a curer of heads at work, will do this book no harm in the eyes of boys. Telling of Johnson's adventures, Commander Green doesn't bate his breath, doesn't deify his friend and hero, doesn't draw inspirational conclusions or write

(*Continued on page 546*)

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 49. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best rendering into modern American prose vernacular of Mark Antony's oration from "Julius Cæsar." Entries must not exceed 400 words, but the whole oration need not necessarily be translated. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of December 31.)

Competition No. 50. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Monosyllabic Sonnet. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 14.)

THE FORTY-SEVENTH COMPETITION

Prizes for the best three Ballads of Christmas have been awarded as follows:—First Prize ($20) to Kenneth W. Porter of Boston; Second Prize ($10) to Mary Waterman of New Haven; Third Prize ($5) to Homer M. Parsons of San Bernardino.

THE WINNING ENTRIES

FIRST PRIZE

NOT KINGS

HOSTLERS and shephards hailed
His birth,
And cattle from their stall;
But also from the rim of earth
There came some few to fall

Upon their knees beside His bed
Of camel-cloths and hay
And glimpse the glory of His head,
Not found in night or day.

They were not kings, these pilgrims three
Who from the eastward came;
Their worn cloaks showed their poverty,
Their feet were torn and lame.

O yes, I know the lying tale
Which monarchs later told,
How each one rode, upon a bale
Of spices, silk and gold.

But never kings, again I say,
Would cross the desert wild
Westward from Ind or from Cathay
To greet this Poor Man's Child.

Only one king had thought of Him.
He wrenched his crimson beard
And gnawed his goblet's golden rim.
From cunning eye-slits peered

About the room, as if in fear;
Gulped down the wine he'd poured,
And whispered fiercely in the ear
Of one who held a sword.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

SECOND PRIZE

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD FOR ST. JOSEPH

After the angel had gone
The song on my lips was dead.
God was on high in His heaven
And I was a maid unwed.

I stood before Joseph in fear,
My plighted, implacably just.
He said, with my chin in his hand,
"In God and you do I trust."

Wrapt in the cloak of his name,
Girded about by his love,
I knew the angel had been
And believed the mute heaven above.

We toiled to the distant town,
Following Cæsar's behest;
Joseph carried my load,
Joseph guarded my rest.

Through a night of burning pain
We fought for hard-drawn breath.
Joseph's arms in the dark
Defeated the terrors of death.

Then came the angels again,
A glory in heaven's span,
Hymning the child's high birth—
Our little Son of Man.

MARY WATERMAN.

THIRD PRIZE

OL' HEROD'S CHRIS'MAS EVE

Ol' Herod lock de house up tight,
Wid bar, an' bolt, an' key.
"I feels uneasy like, tonight;
Dere's somep'n wrong," sezzee.
He clumb up in his fedder bed, an'
stahted countin' sheep.
But whaffo'—oh, whaffo', Herod!—
whaffo' kaint you sleep?

De sojers walk dey sentry pos'
Wid military tread.
Den—"Halt! Who dad?" "I'm jes' a ghos'
New risen f'm de dead."
De sojers drap dey rifles, an' lit out like all possess.
But whaffo'—oh, whaffo', Herod—
whaffo' kaint you res'?

De ghos' squiz frough de tight lock do'
An' clank on up de staihs
Wid steps accusative an' slow—
Whilst Herod say his prayehs,
An' scrooch 'way down betwixt de sheets, an' kiver up his haid.
But whaffo'—oh, whaffo', Herod!—
whaffo' you afraid?

A spectwirl light fill all de room,
De ghos' riz high an' tall:
"King Herod, I'm de hand o' doom,
De writin' on de wall.
De Prince o' Peace is bo'n tonight,
jes' like de Good Book say.
Now whaffo'—oh, whaffo', Herod!—
whaffo' don' you pray?"

Ol' Herod's swohd fall off a cheer,
An' bust itself in two;
His crown roll off de chiffonier
An' make a great to-do;
De chimbley, sigh, de bedstid groan,
de winders jar an' shake.
Now whaffo'—oh, whaffo', Herod!—
whaffo' you-all quake?

De clock struck twelve, de light fade out,
De specter disappear.
But Herod, listen! What dat shout
Upon de midnight clear?
'Tis "Peace on earth, good will tow'd men"—ten thousan' angels sing.
So bow down, an' worship, Herod—
worship Christ, ouh King!

O'er Bethlehem de star shone down,
An' Wise Men foun' de way
Unto a stable in de town
Where li'l Lord Jesus lay
But Herod skeered hisself to sleep,
an' slep' twell Kingdom Come.
Now whaffo'—oh, whaffo', Herod!—
whaffo' you so dumb?

HOMER M. PARSONS.

The number of entries this week broke all records, but not more than a hundred were left when I had eliminated the ballads that were not ballads of Christmas (one of them was about the Southwest Indian's discovery of irrigating methods), and all the sonnets, acrostics, slabs of blank verse, lyrics, and ballads that people tried to get me to accept as ballads. The first and second prize awards were never really in doubt in spite of the Mrs. Waterman's (to my mind) unsatisfactory concluding stanza. I forgave her that for the sake of the simple originality of her general conception and the excellence of the feeling in the other verses. It was much more difficult to choose between Claribel Weeks Avery's "Evergreen," Ruth Aughiltree's "The Wee Rushlight," and the finally preferred negro dialect verses by Homer Parsons. Mr. Parsons does this kind of thing too easily and too often here; nevertheless, all in all, he deserves the third prize. There is no space in which to review the merits of other outstanding entries, but I hope to make amends by printing some of them in later issues. In the meantime the following are specially commended: Claudius Jones (for both his entries), Katharine H. Strong (who bravely made use of a modern American background), R. T. Bulkeley, M. S. A., Florence Jenney, Elizabeth Wray, Stella Fisher Burgess, Tom Henry, Mariana Steele, and Gertrude E. Heath. These are listed, as nearly as possible, in order of merit.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

W. S., Philadelphia, is planning a study of the fantasy and its technique, and asks for a list of books of this nature. He suggests as examples "Thunder on the Left" and "A Little Clown Lost."

THE Viking Press, started upon a career of fantasy-publishing by the works of Sylvia Townsend Warner, "Lolly Willowes" leading, followed with Bea Howe's "A Fairy Leapt upon my Knee," one of the most successful examples I know of the art of making the incredible happen under your eye, Edith Olivier's unforgettable "The Love Child," and as a climax, T. F. Powys's "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" which manages somehow to get the cosmos upon the canvas. Meanwhile Miss Warner sent us through this house her "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" and another that I hear is now in press.

The nearest I know to pure fantasy uncomplicated by allegory, is Garnett's "Lady into Fox" (Knopf), into which well-meaning people often try to cram a protesting moral, but without making it stick. "A Man in the Zoo" and "The Sailor's Return" are still in this manner, but "Go She Must" gave warning that a change in Mr. Garnett's methods was impending, as it was clear by the deeper note in Stella Benson's "Goodbye, Stranger" (Macmillan) that her art had come to a bend in the road. In this beautiful novel, it will be remembered, a fairy marries an American girl in China, a sufficiently fantastic situation. "Seducers in Ecuador," V. Sackville-West's disingenuously titled tale of the effect of colored spectacles (Doran), Helen Beauclerk's disturbing "Green Lacquer Pavilion" (Doran), Walter de la Mare's "Henry Brocken" (Knopf), the melodious romances of Dunsany, especially "The Charwoman's Shadow" (Putnam), Ronald Fraser's effort to transmute into literature images called up by Chinese art in "Landscape with Figures" (Liveright), Margaret Irwin's gentle, ghostly "Who Will Remember?" that was published here by Seltzer—her recent "Fires Down Below" (Harcourt, Brace) returns, after a successful excursion into artistic society, to her earlier manner—Thévenin's rollicking "Barnabé and his Whale" (McBride), the scarcely veiled satire of Eimer O'Duffy's "King Goshawk and the Birds" (Macmillan)—these are some of the fantasies I can call back from a grateful memory without consulting a catalogue. Four writers in America match in this respect anyone who writes elsewhere: Elinor Wylie with the unforgettable "Venetian Glass Nephew" (Doran), Robert Nathan with a shelf-ful of subtleties crowned by this new one, "The Bishop's Wife" (Bobbs-Merrill), Barbara Follett, for whose "The House Without Windows" (Knopf) I must dust off the set-away word unique, and Christopher Morley, whose "Thunder on the Left" is approached only by his own "Where the Blue Begins." It stands out against the sky in contemporary American literature: I should not be surprised if this and Stephen Benét's "John Brown's Body" (Doubleday) were the two books by which this literary generation in America would be remembered. Certainly it would be a good thing for our posthumous reputation if these were the two that lasted.

G. G., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for the publisher and price of a work published in England whose name he remembers as approximately "Malus Maleficorum."

"MALEUS MALEFICARUM" was published this summer by John Rodkin, at thirty-five shillings, in a limited edition of 1275 copies; a large, terrible book, translated for the first time into English from the edition of 1489. It is the work of two Dominican inquisitors, James Sprenger and Henry Kramer, and deals with witchcraft in all its phases. The translator is the learned demonologist, the Rev. Montague Summers, of whom we have spoken before and to whom we shall refer again.

D. D., New York City, asks for a book on geology, for the general reader.

WITH all the popularization of science lately going on, it has not been possible until quite recently to give the reader interested in the records of the rocks as good a book for his particular purpose as if his interest had been, say, in astronomy or in meteorology. But there is now a really popular book which is also accurate and reliable, "The Earth and Its Rhythms," by Charles Schuchert and Clara M. LeVene (Appleton), the one Professor Emeritus of Paleontology, the other research assistant in the Peabody Museum, at Yale. It is spirited all along, but when the beasts begin to appear it becomes thrilling. The vision of a world distinguished by *Tyrannosaurus rex*, "the most destructive life engine ever evolved," makes dodging New York traffic tame in contrast to mezozoic time—even if the dinosaurs did, as alleged, "have more sense in their hips than in their heads." It's a fine book for an inquiring mind.

G. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for a book for a fourteen-year-old boy interested in flying.

"IF You Want to Fly," by Alexander Klemin (Coward-McCann), is in the form of a story; a youth who wants to get into the game is instructed in the elements of aviation and of aero-mechanics by a young relative who is an aviator and a friend of Lindbergh—who appears in person toward the close of the book. The style is straightforward and pleasant, and the information sound and admirably arranged. Nervous mothers should not get this book for their sons if they want to keep them altogether on the ground. Professor Klemin's position in the aero-engineering world ensures the authority of the work, for which Harry Guggenheim provides an introduction. For younger readers there is a "Picture Book of Flying," by Frank Dobias (Macmillan), quite as good as most of the introductions to the subject in elementary text-book form, and more attractive: the pictures are in bright colors and show types of aeroplanes, historic machines, and high spots in flying history; the comment is brief, but covers essential points, and there is a bibliography for further reading. "Historic Airships," by Rupert Sargent Holland (Macrae-Smith), is a more ambitious work classed as a juvenile but serious enough to meet the needs of an older enthusiast; it makes an illustrated survey of human flight, so nearly up to the minute that it includes Miss Earheart. The same firm publishes Paul Jones's "Alphabet of Aviation," a practical illustrated glossary of terms. "The Art of Flying," by Captain Norman Macmillan (Mitchell), and "Practical Flight Training," by Lieutenant Barrett Studley (Macmillan), are books to acquaint the novice with the principles of aviation before he begins to fly. The interest of boy-readers seems stronger for documents and data than for fiction derived from these, but there are a few stories that would keep a boy reading, one being "The King of the Air," by E. Keble Chatterton (Lippincott), a non-stop, ten-day race around the world in a dirigible.

E. R. G., Hamilton Junior High School, who asked for plays suitable for this age and purpose, has been advised by *D. W., Boston, Mass.*, to get two volumes just published by Houghton Mifflin, "Mon Ami Pierrot and Other Plays," by Carroll Fitzhugh, and "The Lantern and Other Plays," by Abbie Farwell Brown. *R. T. B., New York*, says that there is a new series of books issued by Dodd, Mead called "Plays for Our American Holidays," compiled by Robert Haven Schauffler, who has so well provided them with platform material in his books of selections for school use on special occasions. The first volume is for Christmas, St. Valentine, St. Patrick, Easter, and Hallowe'en, the second for festivals like Arbor Day, All Fools's, May Day, and Thanksgiving; the third for patriotic days like Fourth of July or Lincoln's Birthday; and the fourth for special occasions like Mother's Day, Book Week, Music Week, and the like. The plays are uncommonly good, ranging the world in authorship, and the books would be valuable in any school library. "Mr. Scrooge" is a play made by Ashley Miller largely out of the actual words of Dickens in the episode of Scrooge and Marley (Dodd, Mead); Mr. Miller is associated with the Guggenheim Little Theatre Movement.

J. F. M., a valued correspondent in London, England, asks if I have ever come across any of the books for children written by Mrs. Edith L. Elias, wife of the novelist "John Owen." He says "they seem to me among the most charming modern books of their kind; the latest is entitled 'There's Magic in It' (W. and R. Chambers, 1928)."

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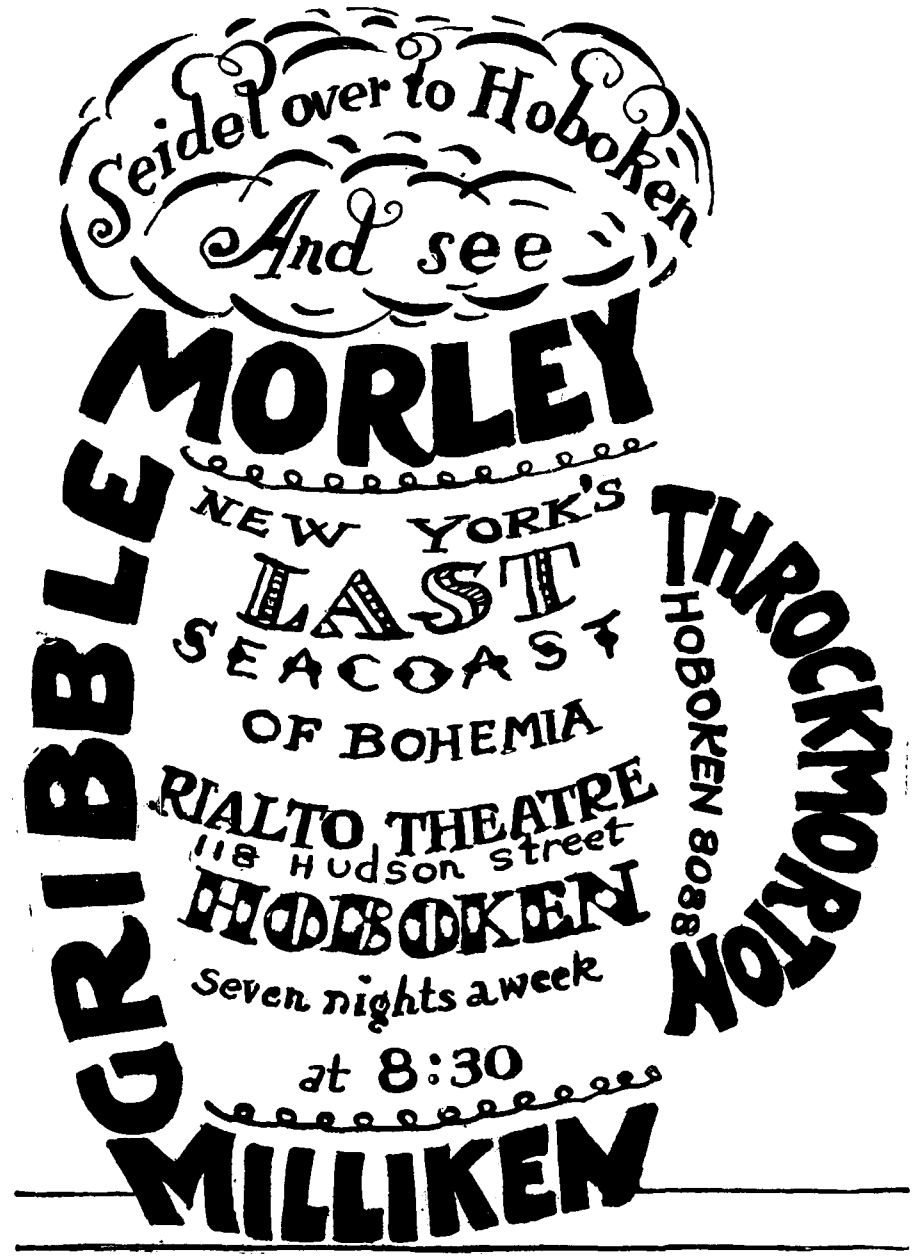

WEEK OF DECEMBER 24

3rd BRAVURA WEEK OF

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 544*)

Juvenile

down to boyhood—all of which, while negative, is fairly high praise, most books for boys being what they are. But it is as far in the direction of praise as one can go, especially since Johnson's own good book on his African experiences is well distributed and his gorgeous movie "Simba," which takes in his South Seas exploits, has been widely shown, and neither is over such heads as Commander Green aims at.

KATAHDIN CAMPS. By C. A. STEPHENS. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $1.75.

For the unfortunate boy or girl who does not have the opportunity of attending a summer camp, the next best thing is to read Mr. Stephens's fanciful account of the pleasant adventures and almost, but not quite fatal, mishaps that befell the strangely assorted group of boys which he conducted on a summer camping trip through the Maine woods in the days before the existence of organized summer camps.

Sound knowledge of how to deal with various woodcraft accidents—ranging from a fish-hook in the finger to a case of poisoning from eating old partridge eggs, is offered by the author. Something happens on the trip every minute of the six weeks that it lasts. There is bear hunting, trout fishing, mountain climbing, moose calling, and a thousand and one other suggested outdoor amusements. There is humor that appeals to the growing boy, discovered in such events as the hunt for that wary beast the "tree squeak." Furthermore, the author gives sensible advice on how to let boys in camp discipline themselves, under such a system as the "Katahdin Republic." Best of all, Mr. Stephens understands boyhood psychology and method of presentation to the juvenile mind so well that there can scarcely be a boy who will not say at some place in the book, "Gee, this might happen to me!"

HALSEY IN THE WEST INDIES. By HALSEY FULLER. Putnam. 1928. $1.75.

The sole claim to attention of this book is not found, as is too frequently the case, in the extreme youth of the author, but rather in the engaging, clear, and amusing style in which the incidents that occured during a winter's sojourn in the West Indies are related. Pure and well-rounded sentences in juxtaposition to equally pure American slang form a combination which invests the most trivial happenings with an undeniable interest. But Halsey's adventures are far from trivial. Together with the "Padre," his mentor, and "Newt" he goes deep-sea fishing, searches for lost treasure, hunts tarantulas, and indulges in numerous other novel activities which must prove attractive to any normal boy between the ages of ten and sixteen. What should make this book irresistible to parents is the summation in the last chapter of the benefits derived by the author from this trip and from the teachings of the "Padre."

ONCE THERE WAS A PRINCE. By ALDIS DUNBAR. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.

Medieval princes have long been a favorite medium for the authors of children's books. "Of the making of princes there is no end." From the earliest days of the fairy tale, when "The Little Lame Prince" sails into their vision on his magic carpet, to the more mature period when "The Prince and the Pauper" turns Edward the Sixth into a playfellow, the prince is to children the synonym for romance, glory, and adventure. Some princes we will always love for their own sake, while many others are in reality only pages decked in royal garb.

Of the latter type is Lillo, prince of Montaroya. When the story opens he is fifteen, very bored with life, and curious about the outside world, from which he has been shut away by the wicked Lord Treasurer. The very slender means of turning the entire course of Lillo's life is one sentence in a book, which he finds by accident . . . "Nothing to eat but coarse black bread." It sounds innocent enough, but for this prince it opens up endless avenues of mystery. He has never been allowed to eat, see, or hear of bread. The meagre excuse is enough for him, and under cover of darkness he dashes forth.

The style has the advantage of simplicity, and suitability to the period. We cannot feel, however, that Lillo will be added unto that immortal band of royalty who have fairly leaped from the pages into flesh and blood among the children who knew them. Lillo is a nice little boy, but his incentive for daring is just a bit far fetched.

BOB NORTH BY CANOE AND PORTAGE. By ROBERT CARVER NORTH. Putnam. 1928. $1.75.

To set one's mind at rest as to the quantity if not the quality of American literary output in the future, one needs but to glance at the imposing list of child authors—those daring youths who each summer set out upon more or less hazardous adventures and each fall return with copious notes to be transformed into a "book written by a real boy for boys."

Such is this second literary effort of twelve-year-old Bob North, a "lone American boy traveling among strangers." In it he tells in a simple, straight-forward manner the story of his venturesome trip through the wilds of Canada. Accompanied by a Bishop and an Indian guide he shoots rapids, visits trading posts and Indian encampments, cooks flapjacks which "don't come out very well," joins in the games of Indian boys, and does a thousand and one other things which would make any youthful reader envious. He writes, "I haven't the knack of writing out what I feel"; and while it is perfectly obvious that he hasn't, this understandable failing is more than offset by an ability to write out what he sees. With a fine attention to details he presents an accurate picture of the Canadian Indian as he is today and his mode of life. An added touch of interest is furnished by the preface, written by his Indian guide, John Wesley.

BEGINNING TO GARDEN. By *Helen Page Woodell*. Macmillan. $1.75.

FAIRY FLOWERS. By *Isidore Newman*. Oxford. $3.50.

Travel

IN THE ISLES OF KING SOLOMON. An Account of Twenty-four Years Spent Amongst the Primitive Solomon Islanders. By A. T. HOPKINS. Lippincott. 1928. $6.

Anthropological and tribal lore of the black boys of these remote Solomon Islands has been assembled in this book by an author familiar for years with their characteristics and cognizant of the debilitating consequences of their contacts with Occidental civilization.

To these islands came for many years the blackbirding expeditions recruiting labor for the plantations of Fiji and Queensland. To them returned the laborer with his savings in his box of treasures, or displayed as finery on his person — but in whatever fashion, it was at once distributed to the tribal relatives, and the return to the loin cloth was swift and inevitable. Tribalism is the bane of these people and is doomed to decay as civilization presses in upon them and offers little in return save in the school villages, where private ownership of property and personal responsibility are slowly emerging. The author has given a sympathetic interpretation of their social and economic organization with its manas, tapus, the local feuds, the head hunting, the ceaseless strife of coastal and bush peoples, their harsh and often cruel customs and practices. The student of anthropology will find this book a storehouse of well-assorted information and the sociologically inclined reader interested in the latest movements of human society will find the contrasts which these primitive human organizations offer both interesting and challenging.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND. By E. M. NEWMAN. Funk & Wagnalls. 1928. $5.

This is a traveltalker's tale of the tourist route from Alexandria up the Nile to Aswan and thence from Cairo by rail to Mecca, and by camel caravan to Petra, the lost city of the Arabian mountains. Palestine is traversed from Beirut, Damascus, and Baalbek to Jerusalem. Along the route one learns much of the Zionist occupation of rural Palestine and of the efforts of American philanthropy and Hebrew industry to revive agriculture in the Holy Land. The book will be a boon to the uninformed and may be a welcome substitute for the use of those tourists who shun the services of the courier and are bored by the casual comment of the lecturer-guide. For those who can but will not read, the book has three hundred odd pictures of places and reputed sites of Biblical events and of familiar sights by the tourists' wayside of to-day.

ENGLAND BEAUTIFUL. By *Wallace Nutting*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

ON WANDERING WHEELS. By *Jan* and *Cora Gordon*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

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AUCTION SALES

THE American Art Galleries announce the two following sales: January 30 and 31—The David Williams and the William Austin collections of Americana, consisting of letters written by George Washington, General William North, Baron von Steuben, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, and others. February 5 and 6—Whitman collection will be sold at the same time—it contains every issue and every edition of "Leaves of Grass," including the copy used by the District Attorney of Boston in suppressing the sale of the work in that city.

Later in February and in March, the Americana collection of George W. Paullin of Chicago will be sold at the same place. The collection includes books relating to the early voyages to America; the history of the West, and rare Indian captivities.

⁂ ⁂

At the recent sale of the Leonard E. Opdyke library, a copy of the rare first Indian edition of the "Rubaiyat," privately printed in Madras in 1862 from the London edition, went to James F. Drake for $690. Two other editions, the second London of 1868, the copy used in the preparation of the Columbus reprint, and the first American, Columbus, Ohio, 1870, were also bought by Mr. Drake for $330 and $230 respectively. A collection of first editions of the writings of Henry James in fifty-six volumes was sold to the Brick Row Book Shop for $165, and the eight-volume 1889 edition of Audubon's "Birds of America," illustrated with five hundred colored plates, brought $190.

⁂ ⁂

In the sale the twenty-second of November at the American Art Galleries, Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics," Lahore, 1881, went to Dr. Rosenbach for $2,900, while James F. Drake gave $1,700 for twenty-nine numbers of the "United Services College Chronicle," of which Kipling was editor while he was at school. E. P. Dutton paid $1,350 for a first edition of "Echoes," Lahore, 1884. James F. Drake also bought a complete file of "The Friend," thirty numbers, Bloemfontein, March-April, 1900, for $1,025, and the "Letters of Marque," Allahabad, 1891, the rare first complete edition and a proof copy in sheets, for $490.

G. M. T.

Mr. Walter de la Mare's "The Captive and Other Poems" has recently been issued by the Bowling Green Press in an edition of six hundred copies, printed by William Edwin Rudge. For the sum of fifteen dollars, one receives Mr. de la Mare's signature on the half-title, a badly-spaced title page, a table of contents, thirteen pages containing six poems, the printer's colophon on a separate sheet, and eight blank leaves to be used, presumably, for the owner's comments or original compositions.

⁂ ⁂

The R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company of Chicago has performed a genuine service to collectors by issuing "A Rod for the Back of the Binder," an intelligent, well-written discussion of bindings that, in many respects, can be looked upon as a dictionary of binding terms. The diagrams illustrating each section are particularly clear (which cannot invariably be said of all diagrams), and the full-page plates, showing various types of completed bindings, are most unusual and distinguished. The book is, of course, a kind of advertisement, but its entire purpose and execution are of so high a quality that it deserves to be considered with seriousness and respect.

⁂ ⁂

There appeared recently in this department a quotation from Mr. Thomas J. Wise's bibliography of Joseph Conrad in which Mr. Wise, forgetting for the moment his customary restraint, expressed himself with particular freedom on the subject of a pamphlet called, "To My Brethren of the Pen," a privately printed, limited issue of a letter Conrad had written to a person who, for his own personal advantage, was obviously attempting to draw him out. G. A. Parker, 247 Park Avenue, has now in his possession the original typed letter signed by Conrad, bound with a copy of the printed version. It is perhaps unfair to the Baker Company to emphasize this single item to the exclusion of the other more interesting items in its hands, but as a curiosity, it seemed worth mentioning.

G. M. T.

The James F. Drake catalogue number 202 is more than usually interesting. The chief item is unquestionably the small, black limp leather notebook kept by Thackeray in the year 1853, with every engagement noted in his precise, upright handwriting, and with two original pencil sketches on the inner back cover. It is one of the most fascinating records imaginable. The other items in the catalogue include the first issue of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money," 1639; the genuine 1913 "Chance"; the corrected proof-sheets of Landor's "Dry Sticks, Fagoted," Edinburgh, 1858; a presentation copy of Sheridan's "The Critic"; and the copy of his first novel, "The Macdermots of Ballycloran," given by Anthony Trollope to his mother. The entire catalogue is excellent in every way.

⁂ ⁂

Mr. Ernest Dressel North's catalogue number 40 contains a presentation copy of Browning's "Sordello," 1840; Galsworthy's "Silver Spoon," in the original wrapper with the silver spoon design almost instantly suppressed by Mr. Galsworthy; "Paradise Lost," with the first title-page; and Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers," 1827. The descriptive notes throughout are most informative and carefully done.

⁂ ⁂

The English dealers' catalogues are equally worth reading. The books belonging to the late Everard Meynell, including the most interesting items from his Serendipity Shop, are now offered by J. and E. Bumpus in a manner that would not have failed to please their former owner. The prefatory note to the catalogue describes these books in Mr. Meynell's own words: "Here is an odd lot, containing, it is true, a few unique books, and a large number that are more difficult to find than the 'stars' of many a great gathering. But I have spent nothing on modern gilt and morocco; and some of the rarest books are obscure as the general public counts (there are no Burns, Byron, or Shakespeare), and even a little dowdy to look at." To anyone interested in the singularly gifted Meynell family, and in their especial friends, the entire work seems a kind of memorial.

The Myers & Company catalogue, number 268, has Coleridge's copy of the "Annual Anthology" with his autograph additions and revisions to two of his own contributions. It is somewhat startling to find that, in this firm's estimation at least, William Wordsworth is undergoing a decided increase in value.

THE GOBBLER OF GOD. By PERCY MACKAYE. New York: Longmans, Green. 1928.

MR. MACKAYE'S new book of verse, a poem of the Southern Appalachians, has been wretchedly printed by Longmans (who have not apparently realized that the linotype slugs of 1900 are quite below the 1928 standard of typography), but is distinguished by wood blocks or linoleum cuts by Arvia MacKaye. These seem to me vigorous and well-drawn, if at times too bold in execution to fit into any probable type page.

R.

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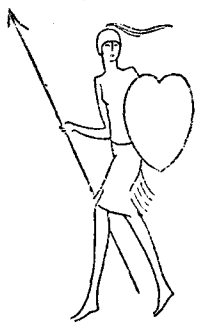

This is NOT *an ideal book for Christmas. All copies of* THE TECHNIQUE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR *are bought at the customers' own risk and peril.*

The *Inner Sanctum's* favorite treatise on the initiation, conduct and conclusion of the amatory relationship [NOTE: *yes, the type for this paragraph is kept standing*] is going better every day. but its sales are tranquil, discreet, almost mysteriously furtive.

Only yesterday the outer guardians of *The Inner Sanctum* reported that a young lady of quality came up to the eighth floor of Thirty Seven West 57th Street and without announcing her presence to the luckless editors inside bought *and paid for* THREE copies of the perfumed and anonymous handbook.

Last week's outburst of columnar roman candles to signalize the sale of 2541 copies in six days of *Bambi*, *A Life In The Woods*, by FELIX SALTEN, was a bit premature. The joke is on *The Inner Sanctum*. As a matter of fact, last week's total was really 4351—with an order for an extra thousand copies coming in after the ballots had closed.

Garden City papers please copy: *Bambi* qualifies for five memberships in the thousand-copies-a-week club.

There is one other item on last week's sales chart that is so succulent that it is going to be listed in this paragraph thirteen times, so that all who run may read:

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That figure 1976, by all the sacred deities of Ernst and Ernst, and Commissioner of Deeds and Notary Public Certificate Number 84398 [my commission expires March 31, 1929] is the actual number of copies sold last week of *Cross Word Puzzle Book*, Series Eleven.

Since the clientele seems to relish these specific and unadorned sales figures, here are a few others, from the weekly summary:

The Story of Philosophy	972
The Art of Thinking	722
Trader Horn I	828
Trader Horn II	109
Show Girl	476
Theresa	408

The other thrills of the week were a trip to Hoboken to see *After Dark, Neither Maid, Nor Wife, Nor Widow*, produced with the Oxonian flourish of CHRISTOPHER MORLEY and his Hofbrau cohorts . . . . The welcome home celebration for the roving Inner Sanctum, back from Chicago and Cleveland with record-breaking orders and the latest trade gossip . . . . and the beginning of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* and *Elizabeth and Essex*, two books that are practically keeping *The Inner Sanctum* bare-headed with continuous hat-doffing.

ESSANDESS

FOR CHRISTMAS

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FOR CHRISTMAS

THE 'Nineties return to us again in two recent publications. The first is a new edition of the "Poems of *Ernest Dowson*," boxed neatly in purple, crowsfooted with gold, bound in deep lavendar, illustrated by *Elinore Blaisdell*, and published by The Medusa Head. To-day, much of Dowson seems, to be frank, hardly worth preserving, though the famous poem of Cynara and a few others give this statement the lie. Lavendar is a good color for the cover of Dowson's verses. Much of what he wrote should be laid away in it. The illustrations to this volume are not first-rate either. Their style is bad, they do not properly accompany the poems, they reveal lack of imagination and complete lack of really fine draughtsmanship. Dowson is the poet for youth's despairs or for the heavy drinker late in the evening. Yet he was once considered a comet. And, perhaps, after all, rightly; for there remain, as we have said, one or two or three of his poems that will not fade. . . .

"The Yellow Book: A Selection," edited by *Cedric Ellsworth Smith*, has been published by *Edwin Valentine Mitchell* in Hartford. We have not forgotten *Dowson, Beardsley, Symons, Le Gallienne*, even, perhaps, *Ella d'Arcy*, as contributors to the old *Yellow Book*. But have we not forgotten that such names as those of *Henry James, Enoch Arnold Bennett, Richard Garnett, George Saintsbury, Edmund Gosse, Lionel Johnson*, and *H. G. Wells* also appeared there? Of course, there was always the incomparable "Max." And, among poets, there were the early *Yeats* and the striking *John Davidson*. Mr. Smith's selections from the long shelf of butter-colored volumes show discrimination, display variety. This is a fine *précis* of the period to add to one's library. . . .

Covici-Friede have now published *Radclyffe Hall's* "The Well of Loneliness" in the United States, and a fine and dignified-looking book they have made of it. . . .

We have been interested in "Stalky's Reminiscences" by *Major General L. C. Dunsterville*, the original "Stalky" of Kipling's famous book. We were particularly interested in the early part that concerned "Westward Ho!" and the young Kipling. Kipling was compelled to wear very strong glasses when at school, and his only nickname there was, we are interested to find, the same as that of the immortal Verdant Green, "Giglamps." . . .

Father *Will Whalen*, who is the author of "The Golden Squaw," which is his version of the story of *Mary Jemison*, the Irish girl who was stolen by the Indians from Buchanan Valley, Adams County, Pennsylvania, in 1758, is very desirious that some sage of fine printing, like Elmer Adler of the Pynson Printers Incorporated, publish "Mary's original little lamb of an autobiography," in the nature of a reprint of the first edition, without cluttering the volume up with footnotes and all that. He also comments upon the fact that the Catholic Book-of-the-month Club having chosen *Peadar O'Donnell's* "The Way it Was With Them," G. P. Putnam's Sons, the original publishers, have carefully refrained from mention of the fact in their advertising of the book, whereas in the case of a lay book-of-the-month club or Guild choice, the fortunate book's publishers sound forth the fact on loud trumpets. Perhaps the publishers thought the general public would get the idea that because of the award the book must be too parochial, forgetting that the best Catholic minds are quite as capable of keen discrimination and the recognition of the touch of great talent in literature as are other minds. The choice of Peadar O'Donnell's book is one immediate proof of that fact.

Miss Dorothy (we decipher the signature as) *Balscom*, of Blakely, Georgia, wants us to tell her "what it is about *Mr. Heywood Broun* that gets his photographers all up in the air. In every picture I see of him, it seems as if the camera was on a higher plane than the subject." We don't know just what she means by that last remark. We think the likeness that appears daily in the *New York Telegram* is a pretty fair representation of Broun's head and visage, though the drawing from the same photograph that appears much magnified on Saturday in the same paper is a libel. Grim, malign, and cruel is that last countenance. Perhaps it is Broun as he may on occasion wish to appear, his actual face being bland, good-natured, and amused. It is true that he forgets to comb his hair, and that gets into his pictures. Miss Dorothy finds it dashing. She has, however, been looking at the Book-of-the-month Club picture of Broun, and most of the pictures such clubs display of their judges are perfectly terrible. We have (to digress) noted and filed for reference the facts that (1.) She wishes more "Mr. Moon's Notebook" in the *Saturday Review* (2.) that she enjoys the *Phoenix Nest* (3.) that she wants more play reviews, but not by George Jean Nathan, whose only virtue she regards as his admiration for *Eugene O'Neill* (Not that the *Review* has ever been able to benefit by G. J. N.—try and get him!—or that this is likely to break him all up, or down) (4.) that she wants more articles by *C. E. Montague* and *Charles A. Bennett*, and some more poetry by *Theodore Maynard* (5.) and why don't we print some of *Ezra Pound's* poetry, and, by the way, what does that man do that keeps him so busy? . . . .

As to what Mr. Pound does that keeps him so busy, he edits *The Exile*, for one thing, occasionally, from Rapallo, Italy. He also keeps on writing poems and indulging in intense interest in ultra-modern music. We don't doubt that he does quite a little thinking. That keeps one fairly busy. . . .

In connection with the recent publication of *Konrad Bercovici's* "Alexander," a biography of *Alexander the Great*, the biographer was asked how he came to learn English, as, when he first came to America as an organist in 1916 he had never previously spoken it. His answer was, "I got a copy of 'The Way of All Flesh,' by *Samuel Butler*, and memorized it word for word." "But how did you come to pick out 'The Way of All Flesh'?" "Why," returned Bercovici simply, "Somebody told me it was a good book.". . . .

The Junior Book-of-the-Month Club of the *Junior League Magazine* is now an accomplished fact. It is open to everyone, Junior League Membership is not necessary. The reading committee is composed of *Padraic Colum, Anne Lyon Haight, Lydia Chapin Kirk*, and *Louise Hunting Seaman*. This committee will choose books brought out by various publishers for children of the following ages: pre-school, six to nine years, nine to twelve years. In each group one book will be selected as the book-of-the-month, with an alternative. New books and new editions of the classics will be offered. Every month a list of books for the next month is to be sent to all subscribers. For further information you should write the Junior Book-of-the-Month Club at 140 East 63rd Street. . . .

Cornelius Weygandt, Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania, treats, in "Tuesdays at Ten," published by the University of Pennsylvania Press, of several writers that have been old favorites of ours. Our best friends all know us as still a profound admirer of the work both in poetry and prose of the late *Francis Thompson*. At one time we admired *Stephen Phillips* enormously. Our admiration of *Lionel Johnson* has ever grown with the years. *Yeats* seems to us to-day the world's greatest living poet. *James Stephens* is a great favorite of ours and so still is *Dunsany*. Therefore we grabbed Professor Weygandt's book off the shelf the moment we perceived it. Alas, in what we have read, scrappily, we admit, concerning the poets above mentioned, we have not been impressed. What inspiring subjects they seem to us, how pedestrian this treatment of them. But we shall have another go at the book before we put it utterly aside. Yet, open Thompson's own "A Renegade Poet and Other Essays," and what superb sentences leap from the page to your eye, what arresting estimates and comparisons. We have been dipping into books for years, and first-glancing has, to us, proved a pretty good touchstone after all. If we are not impressed by a book at the first glance the chances have always been all in favor of our continuing unimpressed by it on a thorough examination. . . .

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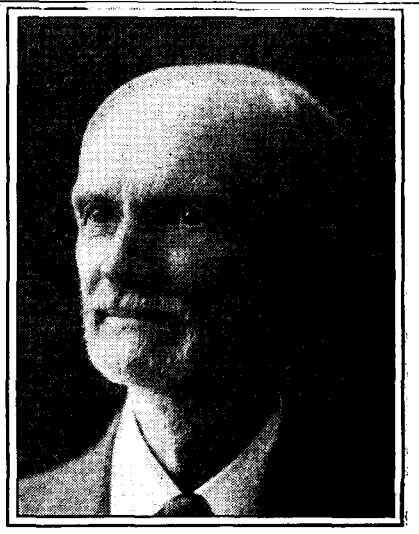

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